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TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN:

THE POSSIBLE REFORMATION

In Two Parts.

BY

COL. FREDERIC INGHAM.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1887

This One
XUDA-C2D-H2G6

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PREFACE.

THIS little book would never have been written, I suppose, but for the persuasion of my kind friend, the late Dr. WAYLAND, the President of Brown University. It is nearly fifteen years ago that I told him the plan of this story, if it may be called a story, expressing the wish that some of the masters would undertake to illustrate the lessons involved in it. Every one who knew him — and how many there are who knew him enough to love him! — will remember how practical and how personal was every notion of the religious life, of Christian labor, and of missionary triumph, in his mind. What he thought the practical and personal character of my little sketch pleased him; and he was kind enough to urge me once and again to enlarge it, and to print it. I think it is because he wished it, that I have tried to do so.

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There are hundreds of people who know that the character of HARRY WADSWORTH and his unselfish influence are studied from the life

I dedicate the book to those who knew him and loved him.

EDWARD E. HALE.

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
BOSTON, Sept. 17, 1870

CONTENTS.

First Part.

THE STORY.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	What Began it	9
II.	Three Years after	28
III.	Ten Times a Hundred	46
IV.	Ten Times a Thousand	75
V.	Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Isles of the Ocean	90
VI.	Ten Times a Hundred Thousand	97
VII.	The Conference at Christmas Island	109
VIII.	Ten Times Ten Million	118
IX.	A Thousand Million	130

Second Part.

HARRY WADSWORTH AND WADSWORTH CLUBS.

Neither Scrip nor Money	157
Stand and Wait	203
Harry Wadsworth Helpers	252
Look-Up Legion	255
Welcome and Correspondence Clubs	257
Pioneer Legion Work	259
A Girls' Legion	260

FIRST PART.

THE STORY.

TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT BEGAN IT.

[*A talk in Calabria, after dress parade.*]

I SUPPOSE it was the strangest Club that ever came into being.

There were these ten members I tell you of. And they have never met but this once, nor do I believe they will ever meet again.

They met in the railroad station at North Colchester, waiting for the express train. The express train, if you happen to remember that particular afternoon and evening, was five hours and twenty minutes behind time. They knew it was behind time, but they had nowhere else to go, and it was then and there that the Club was formed.

For they had all come together at Harry Wadsworth's funeral. The most manly and most womanly fellow he, whom I ever knew

the merriest and the freshest, and the bravest and the wisest; the most sympathizing when people were sorry, and the most sympathizing when they were glad. Thunder! If I were at home, and could just show you three or four of Harry's yellow letters that lie there, then you would know something about him. Simply, he was the most spirited man who ever stumbled over me; he was possessed, and possessed with a true spirit,— that was what he was; and so he had guns enough, and more than guns enough, for any emergency.

And Harry Wadsworth had died. And from north, and east, and south, we ten there had come to the funeral. And we were waiting for the train, as I said; and that is the way the Club was born. Then and there it had its first meeting, and, as I say, its last, most likely.

Bridget Corcoran may strictly be called the founder of the Club, unless dear Harry himself was. For Bridget Corcoran was the first person that said any thing. I never can sit still very long at a time at such places. And I had sat in my chair by that overfilled stove, in that stifling room, as long as I could stand it, and a good

deal longer, none of us saying any thing. Then I had gone out and walked the platform, brooding, till it seemed to me that any thing was better than walking the platform. Then I went in again to find the air just as dead and stived and insupportable as it was before. And this time I left the door open and walked across to the back window, which looked on a different wood-pile from the wood-pile the front window looked upon. I need not say that the only variety in our prospects was in our choice of wood-piles; but we could look at the ends of sticks, or at the sides of them, as we preferred.

I walked to the back window, and began looking at the back wood-pile.

"You knew Mr. Wadsworth?" said Bridget Corcoran, timidly. And it was a comfort to me.

"Knew him!" said I; "I did not know anybody else!"

"I like to tell you about him then," said she, with her pleasant Irish accent. "I like to tel. every one about him. For, save for him, I do not know where I should be this day; and I do know where my boy Will would be."

"How is that?" I asked, roused up a little by her sympathy.

"Will, sir, would be in the State's Prison save for him you carried to the grave this day; and for me, I think I should have died of a broken heart. You know, your reverence, that in the charge of the freight station, when he was first appointed here, it was for him to say who should have the chips, and who should not have them. And he was so good — as he always was — as to give me the second right in the wood-yard; Mary Morris always having the first, because her husband, who is now switch-tender, lost his arm in the great smash-up come Michaelmas five years gone by. He gave me the second right, I say; and though I say it who should not, I never abused my privilege, and he knew I never did, your reverence, as how could I, when he was always so kind, and often called me into his office, and always spoke to me as kindly as if I was a born lady, as indeed he was a born gentleman."

Ah me! if I only could go on and tell Bridget's story as she told it herself, with the thousand pretty praises of dear Harry, you

would better understand what manner of man he was, and how the Club was born. But there is no time for that, and this was the story shortly: Harry saw one day that her eyes were red, as she passed him, and he would not rest till he had called her into the office and found why; and the why was, that her boy Will had "hooked jack," as the youngster said, — had played truant, and had done it now for many weeks in order, and had done it with the Tidd boys, and the Donegans (sons of perdition as they always seemed), and nothing Bridget could say or do would put Will in any better way. Then was it that Harry sent for the little rascal, "talked to him," she said; but I knew Harry well enough to know what the talking was. He took the boy up country with him one day, when he was making a contract for some wood. He stopped as they came back, at a trout stream, and bade the little scamp try some of the best hooks from his book. He sent him home, after such a glimpse of a decent boy's pleasures, as nobody ever had shown poor Will before. He sent for him the next day, and told him he wanted him in the office. He dressed the child in new clothes

from head to foot. He made him respect himself, in forty ways you or I would never have thought of. Before three weeks were gone, Will was ashamed of his bad handwriting. Before four weeks were gone, he was ashamed of his old company; in a fortnight more, he was the steadiest scholar in the "Commercial College" of the place. Before three months were over, he came to Harry with some lame duck of a Tidd boy whom he had lured out of some quagmire or other. And the upshot of it was, that at this moment Will was as decent a boy as there was in the county; while, but for Harry, he had as fair chance as any of them to be hanged.

That, severely condensed, was Bridget Corcoran's story.

Now, I have no idea of telling how Harry had come to be the star of my worship, — worship which was not idolatry. Talking here at the head of the regiment, how do I know who might overhear me, and this is no story to get into the newspapers. But, while I was reflecting that Harry had rescued poor Will from one set of devils, and me from devils of quite

another color, Caroline Leslie looked up. She had joined Bridget and me by the window.

"Do you mean the Caroline Leslie that gives the bird the lump of sugar in Chalon's picture?"

"Why, yes! that same Caroline Leslie. Did you know her?" She looked up. She thanked Bridget very cordially. "I thank you ever so much for telling me that. It has comforted me more than any thing to-day. Will you not come and see me sometime in Worcester? You will find me in 907, Summer Street. Let me write it down for you." So Bridget was pleased. And then Caroline got up and asked me to walk, and took my arm, and we walked the platform together; and she told me what Harry had been to her. How, only three years before, when he first came to Colchester, or to that village, how her brother Edward brought him home, and made her mother say he might board there. How her mother said it was impossible, but consented the moment she saw Harry, when he only came in to tea. How she, Caroline, was a goose and a fool, and a dolt and good-for-nothing, when he moved into that house. And how the mere presence of that

man in that family — or was it his books, or was it the people that came to see him? — had changed the whole direction of her life, as an arrow's direction is changed when it glances on the side of a temple. Now, Caroline Leslie was no more in love with Harry than you are. Pretty girl, she had her own lover, and I knew she had. And he, far away across the sea, would shed tears as bitter as hers of that day, when he knew he was never to see Harry's face again.

But we were only three of the Club — Caroline, Bridget, and I. Count Will Corcoran for four if you like. If you count him, the Club is eleven.

But what I tell you will give you an idea. For as soon as we got talking, the bakers and the baked by the stove got talking; all telling much the same kind of story, how dear Harry had been a new life to them. Widdifield, who you would have said had no sentiment, quiet Mrs. Emerson, Mary Merriam, and her brother John, and even Will Morton. I must not try to tell the stories, though I could, every one. We all drew together at last, when something Mor

ton said drew out George Dutton to "state his experience."

"Wadsworth and I," said he, "went out in one of those first California colonies, — when the mutual system was tried in all sorts of ways, and people thought the kingdom of heaven was coming because they all put two hundred dollars apiece into a joint-stock company. On the voyage I did not see him much, and I know I did not like him. How strange that seems now! For there was no reason under heaven why I should not have found him out at the very first moment; and now it seems as if I lost so much in losing all the chance of those five months. Well, I lost it — for better or worse. We came to California, and the colony all broke up into forty thousand pieces. Little enough sticking by each other there! Each man for himself; and, as always happens on that theory, the devil for us all, with a vengeance!

"I roughed through every thing. Got a little dust now and then, and spent it a great deal faster than I got it. I have paid one hundred and eighty-six dollars in gold for a pair of miner's boots, — and they were good boots, — when I

had not a rag beside to put upon my feet. At last I thought my lucky time had come. We were up in what they then called the Cottonwood Reach, and a very good company of us had struck some very decent diggings, and had laid off our claims with something like precision, and order, and decency. Wadsworth, as I happened to know, was with some men who had got hold of a water-privilege three or four miles above us. Some of our men had been up to see about buying some water from him, and said he was quite a king in that country. But I had not seen him.

"Then there came in on us, just as we got well established, a lot of roughs, blacklegs, and rowdies, of every nation and color under heaven. They wanted our claims; we all knew that well enough. And they hung round, as such devils as they will, trying all sorts of ways to get a corner of the wedge in. We were a pretty decent set; and none of our boys really liked them, but we were as civil as we could be. Some of the fellows were fools enough to lose dust to them, and I never heard that any of them won any. They pretended to stake off some

claims of their own, but they never worked any of any account. They drank their whiskey, and put up tents and shanties for gambling; and swaggered round among the rest of us, and said they knew better ways for washing than we did; and so on. All the time we all knew that something was brewing, while they were about. And sure enough, at last it came.

"Watrous and Flanegan, who were a sort of selectmen to us, had to go down to Agnes City with some gold, and to buy some pork. And they took with them two or three of the best fellows we had. Watrous came to me the last thing, and said, 'Don't you get into a quarrel with these greasers,' for he knew I hated them. But, Mr. Ingham, a saint in heaven would have quarrelled with those men. It all began about a shovel. One of these blackguards came up to me to borrow a shovel, and I let him have it. Then he came back for another, and I let him have that. Then came up three of them and wanted three shovels; and, to make a long story short, we came to words — they and I. They had come up for a fight; and they got it. At 'ast, one of the most noisy of them, — to give

him his due, he was half drunk, — drew his revolver and snapped it at me. Lucky for me it missed fire, and in very short metre I hit him over the head with the crow-bar I was using. O, what a howl they made! They dashed at me, and I ran. The first of them tripped and fell; which stopped the others a half second. And then the whole tribe of them, who had been watching the affair, came running after me, yelling and howling like so many wolves."

By this time, as I said, Dutton had the whole group in the station round him.

"Did you ever run for your life?" said he, with a funny twinkle of the eye. "I tell you, — that to put in the best stride you know, and to clear every log, and take no help at any ditch, but just to run, run, run, run, — half a mile, — three quarters, — and a mile, — to feel your heart up in your throat, your lungs pumping, and pumping nothing, — while you just run, run, run, — and know that one false step is death; — I tell you that is what a man remembers. That was the way I ran. I dared not look back . knew I was well ahead of all but one man. But I could hear his steady step

step, step, step,—just in the time of mine. Was he taller than I, or shorter? I dared not look round and see. But I knew his stride depended on that. He was gaining nothing on me in time; was he gaining in length of pace?

"Where was I running to? Why, to our poor little shanty, where I had left George Orcutt lame in bed. What safety would that be? These devils could tear it down in thirty seconds. I did not know, but I ran!

"I ran — with the one man close behind, and the others yelling farther back. He did not yell. He saved his breath for running. But he did not catch me. I flung the door open. I crowded down the latch. I stuck a domino from the table in between the latch and the latch-guard, and with this as my poor fortress, I flung myself on the floor. The man dashed up after me, but did not so much as try the door!

"An instant showed why; for in ten seconds the wolves, as they seemed, were howling round him. Then the man, whoever he was, said, 'The first man that steps on this plank is a dead man! There's been enough of this bullying! Dirty Dick, take care you are not seen again in

this county. I give you six hours to be gone Chip and Leathers, you had best go with him, or without him. Your room is better than your company. I will have the sheriff here by night, and we will see what sort of men are going to jump claims on this creek. You fellow with the red beard, who ran away from Angeles, there's a warrant out against you. Understand all of you, that this game is played about through.'

"Who was this celestial visitant? Orcutt and I listened in amazement. Was this the way Raphael addressed the rebellious spirits when Milton was not at hand? Any way, they answered much as the rebellious spirits would have done. Some swore, some laughed, other some, on the outside, turned round and vamosed. So Orcutt told me, whose eye was at a knot-hole. The celestial visitant said not a word more. But in five minutes the whole crew of them was gone.

"Then I unlatched the door. Raphael came in, and was — Harry Wadsworth! Yes: that light, frail fellow, whom we carried so easily to-day, was the man who looked those beggars in the eye that day, and saved my life for me!

"That was the beginning with me, and there are few things he and I have not done together since that. We have slept under the same blanket, and starved on the same trail. And if any man ever taught me any thing, that dear fellow taught me all of life I know that is worth knowing."

These were the sort of stories we got telling in the station-house, and it was out of such talk that the project of the Club grew. We had not known each other before, but here was one tie we all had together. Could we not then recognize it, by some sort of gathering or correspondence, or union? Natural enough to propose, but you see, of course, what followed.

First, Widdifield — as good a fellow as lives, but set, or as the vernacular says, "sot," in his ways — liked the idea of a Club very much; but thought we must appoint a committee to draw up some little mutual covenant or expression of principles which all the members would willingly agree to. "Something, you know, to give us a little substance." Will Morton did not care so much for any statement of principles, but

thought there had better be a constitution made. If he had not changed his coat, he should have had in his pocket the constitution of the Philirenean, which would perhaps have served as a good model. Mary Merriam did not care about any constitution, but thought the society ought to have a name that everybody would understand. Poor Bridget Corcoran did not take in much of all this, but hated clubs. The Shamrock Club, that her husband had belonged to had worked all his woe. So one thought this and another said that, and the thing happened which, so far as I know, always happens, even when ten of the simplest minded people in the world meet together with any common purpose There has to be a certain fixed amount of talk, — what Haliburton calls the "talkee-talkee stage." It corresponds to the fizz of common air when you open a gas-pipe for the first time. It blows out your match, and you have to wait some little while before any thing arrives that will burn.

One of the Wise Men of the East — was it Louis Agassiz? — said, when he first came here, that one of the amazing things which he found

in America was, that no set of men could get together to do any thing, though there were but five of them, unless they first "drew up a constitution." If ten men of botany met in a hotel in Switzerland to hear a paper on the habits of Tellia Guilielmensis, they sat down and heard it. But if nine men of botany here meet to hear a paper read on Shermania Rogeriana, they have to spend the first day, first in a temporary organization, then in appointing a committee to draw a constitution, then in correcting the draft made by them, then in appointing a committee to nominate officers, and then in choosing a president, vice-president, two secretaries, and a treasurer. This takes all the first day. If any of these people are fools enough, or wise enough ("persistent" is the modern word), to come a second time, all will be well, and they will hear about the Shermania.

This was the little delay which killed our little Club at the moment of its birth, if, indeed, it were killed or were born. With regard to that there is a doubt, as you fellows will find out if we should ever get back to this story again.

[At this point, however, the Quarter Master, who had been dying to say something, interrupted Ingham to say it would have been better if the Club had had something to eat, as the organization went forward; and on that, that profane Dalrymple said, "Better something to drink." But Ingham placidly explained that there had never been any thing at the station but doughnuts, and those somewhat tough and musty, and that these had all been eaten by members who had no dinner; that for supper there was nothing left but lozenges, of which the supply was unlimited, but of which man's power of consumption is of nature small.]

So we spent the rest of our five hours discussing the covenant, the name, and the constitution of our little society, — and when at last we heard the scream of the express, and saw its light, we were further from the organization than ever. Everybody looked for scrip and staff (carpet-bag and cane). Everybody seized his coat or his shawl; and poor Widdifield and Morton were just heard pleading for a committee to draw up a constitution, or "just a little formula, you know," when the train stopped,

and we stowed away as we could, in the separate cars.

For all that, however, these people loved Harry with their hearts' love; and not one of them meant to fail in the impulse he had given; no, nor ever did fail. And though, as I said, the Club never met again, and never can, perhaps it has existed to as much purpose. After the train was under way, I passed along from car to car, and asked each of them if he would not write me some day, if any thing turned up which brought Harry to his mind, or which would have pleased him.

Everybody said, "Yes." And what is more, everybody has done as he said. So I have this mass of letters you saw in my desk, marked "Harry Wadsworth;" and it is that mass of letters which gives me the material for the really curious story, or stories, I am going to tell you.

If you will come round to my tent after the parade is over, I will show you some of them.

CHAPTER II.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

[*What there was in the Letters.*]

THE fellows did not come up to my tent, regimental headquarters, that night. We were on our way up after the parade, when pop, pop, pop, some red-shirted pickets cracked off their rifles, frightened by some goats I believe; for all this happened in one of the Calabrian Valleys. The companies were filing off to supper as the shots were heard, but halted promptly enough, and, in a minute more, we were all brought back to parade again. I ordered some kettles of polenta brought down for the men to eat, and we lounged and lay there, waiting news and orders for a couple of hours. Then it was clear enough that the whole had been a false alarm, and I let them go to bed.

But a week or two after, Dalrymple, who had made a good deal of fun about the Club, came round, and Frank Chaney with him. Dalrymple

knew that I would not have any nonsense about it, and indeed he was quite in earnest himself when he asked me to bring out the papers and tell them more about the Club and its history. I told him what I tell you, that there was no history: there were only these letters, nine of them as it happened, folded together and marked "Harry Wadsworth." An odd-looking set they were. A letter from my wife Polly, written exactly on the third anniversary of Harry's funeral; letters of all sizes and shapes, written on tappa, brown paper, white paper, all sorts of paper; stained, faded, and broken at the edges, but all of them telling of the lives that these nine of the original Club had been leading. Indeed, when we came to look at the dates, they were all written within a month of that same anniversary of the day which we wasted together in the station-house, called *depo*, at North Colchester.

The letters were: —

A. Dictated by Biddy Corcoran to her son Will, and in the most elegant of clerkly handwriting, down strokes hard and up strokes fine, I assure you.

B. Caroline Leslie's — she had not changed

her name in marrying her cousin Harry, the same who gave her the canary-bird. She wrote from Cronstadt, Maine.

C. George Dutton, written as above, on tappa cloth from one of the Kermadeck Islands, in the South Pacific.

D. Mrs. Merriam,—quiet, every-day letter, from 14 Albion Street, Brooklyn.

E. As above, Polly Ingham's to me, when I was very far off soundings.

F. Widdifield's—he had accepted a place as professor in Clinton College, Kentucky.

G. Will Morton's—he was clerk of court in Ethan County, Vermont; always has been clerk of court, as his father was before him, and as his son will be after him.

H. John Merriam's—book-keeper he, with Pettingill & Fairbanks, Chicago.

I. From Mrs. Emerson—head of a girls' boarding-school in Fernandina, Florida. And . had filed, in the same file, a little paper of memoranda of my own. So there were really the autographs of all, save Mrs. Corcoran, of the ten of the Club which tried vainly to form itself at North Colchester.

Ah! what a pity it is that I may not print all these letters, now and here. If only I, Frederic Ingham, could be the editor of a monthly magazine of my own! If only I had 85,555 readers, on the moderate estimate of five readers to each copy sold, and they were all so prejudiced in favor of the Old as to like to read old letters, and yet so tolerant of the New as to be willing to read my speculations upon them! Then what a title-page could I not make up from these letters alone, for the whole of a number, giving a courteous refusal to all "eminent contributors," and all good assistants not quite so eminent.

To make our "contents on cover:"—

Biddy Corcoran's Home. *By Herself.*

Life by the Furnace.

The Kermadeck Islands.

Housekeeping. *By a Connoisseur.*

Polly to Fred.

Recollections. *Prof. Widdifield.*

Three Years of Life. *W. Morton.*

The West as I saw it. *By a Big Boy.*

A New Boarding-school. *Mrs. Emerson.*

$10 \times 10 = 100$. *Fred. Ingham.*

There, is not that a good title-page for the

outside of your new magazine? Would not that make Mr. Horace's mouth water, as he drew up his advertisement? Would not those running titles be attractive as men opened the uncut pages? If! ah if only I might myself control these MSS. "It must not be, this giddy trance." I must confine myself to the probable restrictions. "Five thousand words, or, at the outside, five thousand five hundred for a single number." These are the hated limits in which I live and move and have my hampered being. Is there not some worthless epithet above which I can strike out? Ah no! better omit all Will Corcoran's commercial college chirography in one lump, and come without preface to pretty Caroline Leslie.

CAROLINE LESLIE'S LETTER. (B.)

It is so queer to see where people will turn up when you least expect it. Now Caroline Leslie, since the funeral, had married her cousin Harry, the same, as I said, who gave her the canary-bird; and he had taken her down to the iron-works at Cronstadt, in Piscataquis County. Pretty girl, how little she thought, when she was

giving the canary-bird his sugar, that she was to spend five years of her life in a house just one grade above a log-cabin, with two rooms on the ground floor, and a bed in her parlor, and — which was perhaps the only part of it amiss — that all her friends in Worcester were to be saying that it was "so fortunate" that her husband had such a good position! Good position it was, for all the bed in the parlor. For there Caroline and Harry first subdued the world here were her first three children born; and there, as the letter showed, she also had done her share of Harry Wadsworth's work, in Harry Wadsworth's way.

When they went down there, it was chaos come again, I can tell you! An old iron-furnace which had been built in the most shiftless and careless way, had made for a year or less some iron of the worst quality, so that the reputation of the ore was all lost, and had then been left to burn out. A new company, with some capital from Ibbotsons or Tubals, or some sort of foreign iron people, had gone in, and had sent down George Landrin, who knew something about making iron, to redeem the reputation of the

place, and Harry Leslie to be treasurer and manager as far as George Landrin was not. Instantly, as I need not say, Harry Leslie and Caroline Leslie were married. That was the first link that the new iron company forged, and they forged it without knowing that they did so, by appointing him assistant treasurer, with a salary of fifteen hundred a year. They were married, went to Cronstadt in the first wagon after the roads were in any sort opened, and lived there, thirteen miles from the next town, in a village of iron men; theirs one of three framed houses — all, as I said, one grade above a log-cabin.

"Hajj any seiety thar?" said Mrs. Grundy to Caroline one day when I met Caroline at her father's, where she had come up to Thanksgiving. How Caroline's eyes snapped and flashed fire! "The best society, Mrs. Grundy, I ever knew." And so it was, indeed, thanks to Leslie, and Landrin, and Harry Wadsworth, and the founder of all good society, the Saviour of all such holes as they found Cronstadt, whose notions in this matter Harry Wadsworth and these fellows had had the wit and heart to follow.

Here is the letter:—

"CONSTANT, November 7

"DEAR MRS. INGHAM:

"I have never forgotten that, as we came home from Mr. Wadsworth's funeral, I promised your husband I would some day write to you about him. And though I have put it off so long, I have always meant to do it. But you know how time goes by without our putting pen to paper. It was three years ago that we all met there together. I cannot believe it.

"But to-night I am going to write to you, for I do not know where your husband is, and he must take this as a letter to him. For I have been thinking of Mr. Wadsworth all day. I think of him, and of things he used to say and do, a great deal now we are here in this new life, and I have to try so many experiments, and do so many things for the first time. To-day is Sunday, and on Sundays I see the working-men here even more than I do on other days, and they are more disposed to talk, or perhaps I am. Harry has been gone for nearly a week now, and will not be back till next Saturday, so Mr Landrin and I and Sarah had to manage about

the tunes and singing as we best could last night. But to-day we had stalwart help, and I wish you had been here to see and hear our choir. We still meet for service, as we did when you were here, in the upper carpenter's shop; but yesterday Sarah and Eunice drove the men out just before dark, and began to dress the two chests which make the pulpit with colored leaves, and this morning they completed their decoration, and made quite a brilliant show. Joe Deberry, that French charcoal man who got you the Lycopodium, was very efficient and sympathetic. Mr. Landrin played the flute; Will Wattles read part of a sermon out of the 'Independent;' dear old Mr. Mitchell 'led in prayer,' and we really had a good time — I did, and we all did.

"When we sat round talking, after the service, on the boards and the benches, and a good many outside in the sun, I attacked old Mrs. Follett, and won her heart by asking her how I could dye some yarn I have here. She has always been a little shy of me, but she got talking about this place as it was in the old dynasty.

"It was hell, Mrs. Leslie! I beg your pardon, but it was just hell and nothing else.' And

really, I believe it was. When she told me of the drinking and gambling and fighting of men, and fighting of dogs, and of cocks, and of hens and women, I believe, — of every thing really that could fight,— why, Mrs. Ingham, when she told me about what her own husband was, who is now as nice a man as there is in the shop, and what a life she led with him, I wondered whether this were the same world. She thought Mr. Landrin and Harry had done a great deal more han they have. I am sure all we could do here is very little. But Harry has put his foot down, and Mr. Landrin has been very willing to help; and they have said that if they and their wives were here, it should be a decent place to live in; and when I see how happy and pleasant the people are, and when I think how little I used to know about such places and people at all, I thank God for bringing me here.

"All the singers have been up here to-night practising. I wish you knew them all as well as you learned to know Sarah and George Fordyce when you were here. There are some of them who have just that sort of passion for my Harry that your husband has for Harry Wadsworth.

But when they talk to Mr. Leslie about what he has done for the place, he laughs, and points at Harry Wadsworth's picture, and says, 'Don't thank me,— thank him.' Well, to-night ten of them came round to sing, and before we began they produced a beautiful frame for Harry's picture, and asked me to let them put it in, for a surprise to my husband when he comes home. Then they began to talk to me about him, and I told them — well, you know what I told them. And I could see the tears roll down George Fordyce's face as I talked to them. And when they went away, he said, 'We have never known what to call this choir class. I move it be called the Harry Wadsworth Club.' And they all clapped their hands and said it should be so. So after all, you see, your husband's club is born.

"But I must stop. I hear Wally crying in the other room,— and you know I am my own nurse now.

"Give my love to Mr. Ingham when you write. Always, dear Mrs. Ingham,

"Your own,

"CAROLINE LESLIE."

I like that letter; I like that woman; I like that place, Cronstadt; and I like the life they lead there. But I should not have filed that letter, and carried it to Italy and Sicily with me, if the others that came about the same time had not belonged with it; so they all got tied up together. Try this: —

PROF. WIDDIFIELD'S LETTER. (F.)

"CLINTON COLLEGE, BOURBON COUNTY,
KENTUCKY, November 10

"REV. F. INGHAM, ETC., ETC.:

"Dear Sir, — In private conversation with a few of our young gentlemen here, I showed to them such of the letters of our dear Mr. Wadsworth as I have with me. They have been very much impressed by their spirit, freshness, and insight into true life. Do you see any impropriety in my printing privately, say a dozen copies for such of these friends of mine as I think might find advantage in them? And should you be disposed to add to them a copy of a letter you once read to me, which Mr.

Wadsworth wrote to you when he entered into the Polk and Clay canvass so honestly?

"Very truly,

"Your obedient servant,

"INCREASE WIDDIFIELD."

You say those two letters are exactly alike? Of course; they are all alike. This tappa-cloth letter is just like that glazed note-paper from Brooklyn. Want to hear tappa-cloth? It is not in New Zealandee. Here is the end of it:—

"It is not true that I am always in scrapes. You say so, I know; but I do live the steadiest, stupidest life of any eight-day clock of them all. Only you do not hear of that. It is only when I am dragged out of the water by the hair of my head that I am put in the newspaper, or happen to mention the incident, and then you all say, 'Dutton is always being dragged out of the water.' This time it was not metaphorically.

"I had gone off in the *Monarch*, as she took our six months' collection of *bêche-la-mer*, to see the last of her officers and to get them well outside the reef, and I had with me my own canoe,

and eight of these native boatmen. They are the best fellows in the world. See if you do not say so before I have done. I bade the Englishmen good-by; they lay to while I jumped down into my boat; and we were off, and I started back for the Cannibal Islands, all my men paddling. Things looked a little grum when we started; there was just the beginning of a nasty Souther, and, to tell the truth, I stayed in the captain's cabin a little later than I meant to. But the men did not mind. I don't think they would mind if they had been in so many cocoa-nut shells with salt-spoons to bale with. They just stretched to their paddling, begged the after man to see that I was warmly covered, and began chanting this missionary song,—

'Womar ki enata bacha epoku.'

How well I came to know that refrain before I was asleep, and after! For I did fall asleep, and the first thing I knew George caught me by the leg, dragged me awake, and showed me that we had come to the breakers. The sun was down, but it was light enough, what with waves, and phosphorescence, and stars, to make the wildest sight that ever you or I looked upon. Ingham,

the thing I thought of was the Cottonwood chains, and my run for my life, and Harry Wadsworth's appearing to the rescue. I knew it would all be over in two minutes. But I spoke cheerily to the men; said, 'All right,' which is one of their favorite words, had that strange feeling come over me, which I dare say you have felt, when one looks death right in the face — the feeling, 'Now I shall know;' nodded to George, who calls himself in their pretty way, nia-keiki,' which means foster-brother, and said, 'God bless you' to him, and the next second we were under twenty feet of water. Nobody but madmen would have expected to cross that reef with that gale blowing!

"Of course I came to the surface, and of course the curlers swung me over the coral in less than no time! If only they did not swing me upon the next ledge in lesser yet! I could not hold out five minutes in that swirl and spray, and I knew I could not. But before I had time to think much about it, before I had even a chance to clear the water from my eyes to try to see about it, a strong wiry hand had me under the armpit, and I heard George's gentle

voice say, 'All right,' and then in their own language he went on to tell me not to be frightened. I was frightened, for the first time, for I thought I knew the faithful fellow could do nothing for me, and I was afraid he would lose his own life trying to save mine. In much fewer words I told him so. But he said just as sweetly as before, 'If I die, you die; and if I live, you live.' And just then I began to see; and near us, in this hollow where we were, between two ridges of breakers, was another of these loving creatures, who said just the same thing, 'If I die, you die; if I live, you live.'

"Ingham, I believe the men saved me by saying that more than by all the wonderful things they did in the next half hour. It seemed to me that it would be so mean if I swamped them or sunk them, that I stuck to my work as I never would or could have done had I been alone. And they — the way they lifted, and pushed, and pulled, — the way they towed me and shoved me, — if we ever meet, you will laugh yourself to death as I tell you, and yet it was no laughing matter then. All eight held together, and held by clumsy, logy me. They understood

each other by instinct, and they took me in as they would have taken in an upset canoe if they had found one floating in the offing.

"In half an hour I was lying on the beach here; these loving fellows were chafing me, *lomy-lomying* me, and rubbing oil into me. I could not speak, but I was alive and in this world.

"And what do you suppose was the first thing they did the next morning. I was asleep, as you may imagine, but at sunrise every man of them went off in the offing, which was calm enough now, to hunt up what was left of my boat and to bring her in. And when I scolded George for this, and told him the boat was not worth the risk, he said they knew I loved the boat; they knew I had named the boat 'Harry,' and that my Harry-boat was not to be lost if they could save her. Fred, that was the first time I broke down. I fairly cried at that. And, ever since, they have called themselves the 'Harry-boatmen.'"

You see it is as I said, they are all the same letter, only they are written by different hands, in different inks, on different sorts of paper.

Polly had tied them all up, as they came in, one after another, for six months, and labelled them "Harry Wadsworth," as you saw. Then one day as she went over them, she was tempted to count up the people whom these ten letter-writers told of, as having got clew to our enthusiasm about him.

Here were Caroline Leslie's Harry Wadsworth Club	10
Prof. Widdifield's Seniors	12
George Dutton's Harry-beatmen	8
John Merriam's set	7
Mrs. Emerson's "first class"	11
Biddy Corcoran, Will, the Tidd boys and the Tidd boys' father and mother	8
Mrs. Merriam's Sewing Club for Newsboys	13
Polly's two children and the two servants, with Mrs. Stanfish	5
Will Morton and the Base-Ball Club at Ethan	19
And the men in my own watch, the old quartermaster and his son, and the others who messed with them, were	9

Polly counted them up. There were 103 in all. But Biddy Corcoran and Will Morton had been counted in the old Club of the station. "There are 101 new members," said Polly. "Ten times ten is a hundred. And it was only three years ago."

CHAPTER III.

TEN TIMES A HUNDRED.

[*An Experience of Dalrymple's.*]

WELL! we subdued the world as we could in Calabria. Then we returned to our respective homes: Garibaldi to his island, I to No. 9 in the Third Range, Frank Chaney to Scrooby, and Dalrymple to that truly English home in Norfolk, which nothing had driven him from but the unrest of an Englishman, — some Io gad-fly, — and the desire of seeing Italy righted, and Vittorio on the throne of Bourbon. In these respective spheres, as assigned to us, we did our part; and I, for mine, embarked in the manufacture of a new sphere and new world, of which no more at present.

Then was it that the parents of Dalrymple urged him to do his duty to the respectable Norman baron who founded his line, and "settle down." Then was it that Dalrymple, seeking for trout in a brook that ran through the ances-

tral domain, met Mabel Harlakenden, the youngest daughter of a neighboring house. She was sitting on a mossy rock, her feet hidden in ferns, and reading "Coventry Patmore." Dalrymple and she had not met since he broke her father's window with a horse-chestnut on the day of her tenth birthday. Then was it that he introduced himself to her again, and fished no more that day, nor did she read any more. Three months after was it that in the parish church he gave her a ring. The minister took the ring and gave it to Dalrymple, and he then put it on the fourth finger of Mabel Harlakenden's left hand. Then he was taught by the minister. And then they all went home to Dalrymple's father's house to live there.

"Was she a descendant of Mabel Harlakenden of Kent?"

Yes, she was. Why do you interrupt? That has nothing to do with the story, and your question took nine words.

Then Dalrymple proved to be less settled than ever. And it proved that Mabel liked travelling, if it were real travelling, just as much as he. She hated Paris, so did he. He hated

Baden-Baden, — lucky for her, — so did she. He had fished all Norway, so had she. She had hob-nobbed with bandits in Calabria, so had he. Had she ever been to America? — "No, dearest, no!" Would she like to? He had a friend in America, who would put them through, — a man who was with him in Calabria. There was nothing Mabel would like better. So instead of "settling down," as good Mr. Charles Dalrymple had expected, these young people, three months after marriage, took passage in the *Europa*, Captain Leitch, arrived in Boston, stopped at Parker's, took the evening boat to Hallowell, train next day to Skowhegan, and in two days more were laughing and talking at our table at No. 9, in the Third Range.

The prettiest English girl I ever saw was Mabel, — is Mabel, let me say, as she is not here to frown. Dalrymple got his wooden bowl that time. No! I will not describe her. You should have asked him, if you wanted to know. And Mabel and he fished in our brooks, guided by my Alice and Paulina, who in their way were as good fishermen as he.

One night, as we sat together, Dalrymple said,

"Will you show my wife those Wadsworth Papers?"

"Do show them to us, Mr. Ingham," said the pretty girl. "Horace has told me about them once and again, — they were the very first things I knew of you."

Well pleased, I produced the papers, and showed them all I have shown you, and more. Then we fell talking together about Harry, and the Leslies, and Dutton, and all these people and Polly raked out more letters, which I have not pretended to show you, telling how they had all fared in the three years which had gone by since she tied those nine or ten together. Then Dalrymple asked if, in America, people always shot apart from each other as all of us had done, — here was Harry, born in Maine, to die in Massachusetts; here was I, born in Connecticut, living in Maine; here was Dutton, born in Massachusetts, drowning off the Kermadeck Islands. Was it always so? And I told him the census would tell him that in 1860 there were near seven hundred thousand people in Iowa, where in 1850 there were not two hundred thousand; that the other five hundred thousand were

born somewhere; and that the same year there were one hundred and twenty-six thousand people who had been born in Maine, who were living in other States, while only four times that number, men, women, and children who were born in Maine, were living there. I suppose that half the men and women had emigrated. "Happy country," cried Dalrymple, "where no man settles down!"

Then Mabel suggested to him that as they had no plan of travel, as it would be fatal if they should settle down in No. 9, which they seemed likely to do, he could have no better clew to follow in this labyrinth of States than the thread of the very letters he had in his hands. "You love Harry Wadsworth," she said, "as well as any one can who never saw him. I am sure I do." And her great blue eyes were full of tears. "Let us go and see Mrs. Emerson in Brooklyn, — I am sure dear Mrs. Ingham will give me a letter to her; you shall go to Vermont, — is that the name? — and see Mr. Morton; we will both go to Chicago, — which till I heard you speak, Mr. Ingham, I always called Chickago, — and Harry Wadsworth shall introduce us to America."

And so it was ordered. They stayed with us a month longer. I will not tell how many trout they caught, for I should have every cockney scared from the Adirondacks down on No. 9 if I did. But at last the good-byes came, and they started on their way.

No! I shall not write the history of their travels. Little Mrs. Dalrymple may do that herself, and I wish she would. I have only to tell where they crossed Harry Wadsworth's track again.

Dalrymple chose to take boat, instead of rail, west from Buffalo. So they sailed one evening in the *Deerhound*, a famous boat of those days and their first experience of the floating palace of the western waters. Sunset, twilight, evening of that June day, were as beautiful as hearts could wish, and again and again this young bride and bridegroom congratulated themselves that they had foresworn the train. When bed-time came, Horace led Mabel in from the guards where they had been watching the moon; but before they went to their state-room after midnight, they stopped to watch some euchre-players who were sitting up late in the great saloon

As they sat there, the captain lounged in. They knew him by sight; he had done the honors at the tea-table. He came up to the table, and said, "Gentlemen, I want you to come 'orward, and see this schooner on our quarter." Mabel took her husband's arm to go with him; but the captain said, "No, madam, it is too damp for you; we will not keep your husband long," and with the other men walked away.

Horace stayed — how long — one minute or ten — Mabel does not know. But when he came back it was very quickly, and he said in a low tone to the three women who sat together around the deserted table, "The boat is on fire; dress the children, and wake the passengers as quietly as you can. Mabel, wait for me in the after-part of the saloon below this. I will come to you there." And he was gone.

Mabel was probably never so completely her own mistress in her life. She saw that the saloon was as yet uninvaded. She called the sleepy chambermaids, and gave them their messages so calmly that they were not frightened. From state-room to state-room she passed along, and knocked up the sleepers, till her share was

done, and well done. Then she went to their own state-room, took the travelling-sack in which Horace had his money and his letters; went downstairs to the after saloon, to wait there as she was bidden.

All this time it was amazing to her that there was so little noise. The engines were stopped. That she noticed. She heard the men at work forward, but forward was far, far away. If she listened, she did not know what were the noises she heard, — plashes; heavy blows as of cutting timber; plashes again, — an occasional sharp word which she did not understand, but around her the still monotone of the saloon, in which there were only herself and two little girls and their mother. And how long this lasted Mabel did not know.

But at last the smoke came. Something — bulkhead or what — I do not know — something gave way forward, and the smoke came, driving, piling right in upon them, so that those hateful lamps which had been so still and clear and unconscious, became, of a sudden, dim spots in fog. The children cried and coughed. Mabel and their mother held them to the open windows

But this could not last, — the smoke was lenser and denser; the women dropped the children out on a pile of cordage that was coiled up in the narrow passage-way behind the cabin, then clambered out of the windows themselves, and in that narrow passage, cramped between the cabin wall and the after-railing, stood alone with the little ones. Then, for the first time, she understood that some freak of the fire had cut her off from the main body of the passengers and from her husband. Or were they four together there, the only persons living out of all? No! somebody was alive forward, for although for a few minutes the air was almost clear, that lasted only for a few minutes; — the fire was gaining forward, and of a sudden the engines began to move again. The other woman said to Mabel, "They are driving her ashore." Whatever was the reason, it seemed fatal to them. The stream of hot air and hot smoke now circled all round them, so that indeed they could scarcely breathe. Mabel looked over the rail, and so did the poor mother. They could see the projecting after timbers and the rudder-head passing through them, — they must do something, — and without

a word Mabel climbed down, stayed herself firmly by one of the cross-chains which she found there connecting with the rudder, observed that neither chain nor rudder moved any longer, and then bade the other woman pass her one of the children, and come down herself with the youngest, which she did. How long that lasted, Mabel did not know, — whether it was five miles or five minutes that they rushed over that foaming sea, with that hot air above them, with this slippery foothold below, and her arms growing so tired as she held child and chain. Not so long but she did hold on, however, till of a sudden a sharp explosion forward taught them both that a crisis had come. In a moment more the way of the boat was checked, and in two minutes Mabel saw that all was still, — but the fire. Still that did not drift fiercely back upon them now.

Nobody came near them. Probably nobody could come. But when that horrible weird motion over the foam stopped, Mabel was braver. As for the other woman, she never showed sign of terror from the beginning. Mabel now found she could lower herself enough to sit upon

the top of the rudder, and stay herself by a chain above. She did not dare climb up upon the boat again; she then got the child in her arms, and moved out far enough to make room for the other woman. And there, with cinders and smoke flying over their heads, in water to their armpits, holding by rod and chain above them, each with a child embraced, — there those women sat, it must have been for hours. I remember Mabel told me she had to wet the rod above her with the water at last, when the fire from the wreck above heated the rod so that she could not hold it in her hand. She trained the child to splash water up to it so as to keep it cool.

Meanwhile all they could see was flame and smoke in volumes borne high in the air, but away from them, by the gentle wind, as the fire slowly worked its way along to them. All they could hear was the roaring of the flames.

But flames and smoke were borne away from them. The wreck was drifting and drifting nearer and nearer to the Ohio shore. And so in the gray morning the end came. It grounded. Mabel had seen the stars grow pale, it had seemed to her that "the dawning gray would

never dapple into day," but it was lighter, — light enough for her to see the shore, — and then one, two, three little boats pushing towards them. And then for the first time these women spoke louder than their breath, and the little children cried aloud again with them. The cry did little, I suppose, but a white handkerchief did more. Swift and straight a flat-boat dashed down to them, a boat-hook struck in the stern-timber above Mabel's head; two men in the bows clutched the two women; and some one cried, "Back her, back her," and they and the two children were safe.

They took them to the kindest, loveliest, poorest home in Ohio, which was just behind the beach. Tender hands undressed those women and children, chafed their swollen arms and hands, rubbed them warm and dry, dressed them in the best the cabin had, laid them on homespun sheets, as clean as they were coarse. And all four slept, — as you never slept.

When Mabel awoke just before nightfall, and tried to make out where she was, wondering at the slabs above her and around her, at the walls papered with Frank Leslie's journal, the only

thing her eye lighted on, that she ever saw before, was the portrait of Harry Wadsworth! That was pinned upon the door.

This, then, was what Mabel had taken the ring on her finger for; what she had left her father's house in Norfolk for; what she had started to see the world for! To find herself lying in these coarse homespun sheets, on that queer, high, creaking bedstead; looking Harry Wadsworth's picture in the face; opening her fingers to see if she could open them, after all that clinging to the rod and chain; and trying, by such foolish things as that, to keep herself from asking where Horace was — if he were in this world or in another; where his body was — ah! how wretched — and what she should do? To pretend to drive these questions out of her head, she opened and shut her hands, and wondered if the rust-stains would ever wash off, and looked at her wedding-ring, and remembered the parish church and that winter morning when Horace put it there. It was not in that way that she would forget asking where he was, or if he was in this world or another!

Mabel sat up in the bed. Every thing seemed

terribly still. She looked round the little room. There was not a shoe or stocking on the floor nor any of her clothes on the one wooden chair.

"Alice!" cried Mabel at last. For "Alice" was the only name she knew of all the people who had surrounded her in these terrible hours. They had called the little girl "baby," though she was four or five years old. The children had called their mother "mother," and "Alice" was the only name that had been spoken.

Alice did not come, but in her place a nice, motherly old lady came, who looked almost as different from anybody Mabel had ever seen before as if she had been one of Dutton's Kermadeck men. But there was the touch of nature there, and Mabel and she were kin.

"Dear child," said the old woman, "cannot you sleep any more? Do you feel at all rested?"

"Have they heard from my husband?" said Mabel, "have any more people been brought in? are there any —— bodies?"

"Bodies? Dear — no, no," said Mrs. Morrow; "do not be troubled about the others; there are plenty of people to take care of them, and they

with their own boats too. Do not think about them, dear, and do not cry; let me bring you a cup of tea, and then you shall have your clothes and dress yourself. The men will be back to supper, and we shall know all the news."

"But tell me," said Mabel, "tell me where I am, and where I can write to? What must I do? I never was alone before. I never had to do any thing before — like — like this, you know."

"Like what, my dear lady? — like taking a cup of tea — or like dressing yourself?" And Mrs. Morrow would not stop for an answer. There was a good deal of dry common-sense in Mrs. Morrow, who, after sixty years of emigration, of a new home, of birth, life, and death, of joy and of sorrow, was no longer a fool. She was, therefore, without knowing it, a philosopher. "Come, Amandy-Ann," she cried, bustling back into the kitchen sitting-room, "come, Amandy-Ann, where are you? Here's the English lady awake again, and nigh faint for her tea."

"How did she know that I was an Englishwoman?" said Mabel to herself. She forgot

that if Mrs. Morrow had turned up at the Swaffham station in Norfolk near her father's house, and had asked her, Mabel, the way to Cockley, she would have known that Mrs. Morrow was an American, though she only spoke ten words. "I must get up and do something," said Mabel to herself again; "but how can I get up till they bring me my clothes?"

So they succeeded in keeping her prisoner for a long hour, while she "worried down" the tea, and ate a slice of toast, and tried to eat a slice of corn-bread, which was new to her, and broke an egg, as Mrs. Morrow had never seen an egg broken before. When she had pretended to eat a part of the egg, Mrs. Morrow relented so far as to let Amanda Ann bring in some dry clothing, and so to emancipate Mabel from her prison.

The men came home. An early tea was served — a meal such as Mabel never saw before. The men were cheery, though with no grounds intelligible for cheeriness. But they explained that there were schooners which had run by Huron, and a certain brig which was known to be beating up to St. Clair, and two freight boats and a

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To Frederic Ingham,

No. 9. in the Third Range, Maine.

By Skowhegan.

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After Elnathan had left, poor Mabel did her very best not to be unseemly. Her companion on the wreck was still sleeping off the strain, in the same bed with her two children.

"Do you know," said Mabel, "that the first thing I saw, when I opened my eyes, was the face of a friend? At least I call him a friend."

"Friend?" said Mrs. Morrow, troubled for a moment with the fear that the pretty English girl was wandering. "Who did you see?"

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"Did you know Harry Wadsworth?" cried the old lady, and every one else at the table said in the same instant, substantially the same thing.

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came to a mother-of-pearl card-case, which had stood the whole, undiluted. Mabel wiped it dry, opened it, looked a moment at another picture which was not stained nor even wet, and from behind that picture pulled out her picture of Harry Wadsworth. It was the last thing that I gave her, except my blessing, when she left us at No. 9.

And then she explained, and they explained. None of them had ever seen Harry in the flesh. But here was Mabel who had seen me, who had seen him, and she had seen letters that he wrote, and if her trunk were ever found, in her portfolio she had a note of his that I had given her. And they — they knew about him. Mrs. Elnathan Morrow — the pale, thin, pretty young woman, the mother of the baby, the one that had said so little, but had been frying the cakes all supper-time, — she came from Ethan, in Vermont. Her brother Samuel was one of the Will Morton Base Ball Club; and she had first met Elnathan, if she would have told the truth, at a reading club at Ethan, where Will Morton read "Monte Cristo" and "Lady Geraldine" to them. And her pale face flushed at last, and

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Horace? He had been knocked on the head, as he was at work on the forward deck, very early in the business. Some one in the pilot's box hove an axe forward to the mate, who had called for it. Horace was stepping across hastily, the axe struck him in the forehead, knocked him down, and he lay there senseless. The water, leaking from the hose that they were working with, dribbled down on his face sometimes, but nobody could stop to nurse him.

But when the game was played through, when the last quarter boat hauled up under the bow of the *Deerhound*, and the mate for the last time came on board, and said to the captain, "You must come now, sir, there is not a living cat on the vessel," the captain pointed to Horace as he lay there, and said, "Silas, we will heave him down, too. Perhaps there's life in him.

Whether there is or not, it shan't be said that the only two English people in the boat went to the bottom. Handsome fellow he is!" And the captain took Horace by the shoulders, and Silas took him under his hips and carried the senseless body to the opening in the rail; they called two firemen who stood on the thwarts and handed it down, and laid it along as best they could, on the after thwart and in the hollow behind it. Then the boat-hooks shoved her off, and the boat followed the others.

"Them women," said Silas, meditatively, "must have stifled in ten minutes after he sent them there. What on airth made him tell them to go into the ladies' saloon?"

Horace was not killed. Else these pages were not here. The captain never believed he was killed. As soon as the men gave way at the oars, and the boat was well off the wreck, the captain cut off the waist buttons of Horace's clothes, laid bare his breast, untied his neck-cloth, and again and again flung water in his face, as he lay in the arms of that good-natured German, who was wondering, perhaps, if this were the usual mode of travel in America. In fifteen

minutes the muscular, full-blooded young Englishman opened his eyes; in three more he was wondering; then he shook himself free, sat up, put his hand to his head, looked round, and began to ask questions.

The burning *Deerhound* could still be seen, and in reply the captain pointed her out to him far astern. Then how boldly the captain lied, as the poor wretch asked after Mabel! You would have thought Mabel was in a Lord Mayor's barge upon the Cydnus, lying upon cushions, fanned by Cupids and rowed by Naiads, so emphatic were the captain's assurances of her comfort and safety, — assurances which Horace was just stupid enough, with the blow, to believe. He grew faint again with his effort, needed a little of the Jamaica the captain gave him, and sank back, with his eyes blurred and his head spinning, on the German's shoulder.

Then it was that the second botch was made in the proceedings of that night. The boats were all pulling for Huron, against a heavy western breeze which was freshening into a gale. The captain's boat was the last of the little squadron, which was pulling in order — it must

thing her eye lighted on, that she ever saw before, was the portrait of Harry Wadsworth! That was pinned upon the door.

This, then, was what Mabel had taken the ring on her finger for; what she had left her father's house in Norfolk for; what she had started to see the world for! To find herself lying in these coarse homespun sheets, on that queer, high, creaking bedstead; looking Harry Wadsworth's picture in the face; opening her fingers to see if she could open them, after all that clinging to the rod and chain; and trying, by such foolish things as that, to keep herself from asking where Horace was — if he were in this world or in another; where his body was — ah! how wretched — and what she should do? To pretend to drive these questions out of her head, she opened and shut her hands, and wondered if the rust-stains would ever wash off, and looked at her wedding-ring, and remembered the parish church and that winter morning when Horace put it there. It was not in that way that she would forget asking where he was, or if he was in this world or another!

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"Dear child," said the old woman, "cannot you sleep any more? Do you feel at all rested?"

"Have they heard from my husband?" said Mabel, "have any more people been brought in? are there any —— bodies?"

"Bodies? Dear — no, no," said Mrs. Morrow; "do not be troubled about the others; there are plenty of people to take care of them, and they

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the top of the rudder, and stay herself by a chain above. She did not dare climb up upon the boat again; she then got the child in her arms, and moved out far enough to make room for the other woman. And there, with cinders and smoke flying over their heads, in water to their armpits, holding by rod and chain above them, each with a child embraced,— there those women sat, it must have been for hours. I remember Mabel told me she had to wet the rod above her with the water at last, when the fire from the wreck above heated the rod so that she could not hold it in her hand. She trained the child to splash water up to it so as to keep it cool.

Meanwhile all they could see was flame and smoke in volumes borne high in the air, but away from them, by the gentle wind, as the fire slowly worked its way along to them. All they could hear was the roaring of the flames.

But flames and smoke were borne away from them. The wreck was drifting and drifting nearer and nearer to the Ohio shore. And so in the gray morning the end came. It grounded. Mabel had seen the stars grow pale, it had seemed to her that "the dawning gray would

never dapple into day," but it was lighter, — light enough for her to see the shore, — and then one, two, three little boats pushing towards them. And then for the first time these women spoke louder than their breath, and the little children cried aloud again with them. The cry did little, I suppose, but a white handkerchief did more. Swift and straight a flat-boat dashed down to them, a boat-hook struck in the stern-timber above Mabel's head; two men in the bows clutched the two women; and some one cried, "Back her, back her," and they and the two children were safe.

They took them to the kindest, loveliest, poorest home in Ohio, which was just behind the beach. Tender hands undressed those women and children, chafed their swollen arms and hands, rubbed them warm and dry, dressed them in the best the cabin had, laid them on homespun sheets, as clean as they were coarse. And all four slept, — as you never slept.

When Mabel awoke just before nightfall, and tried to make out where she was, wondering at the slabs above her and around her, at the walls papered with Frank Leslie's journal, the only

thing her eye lighted on, that she ever saw before, was the portrait of Harry Wadsworth! That was pinned upon the door.

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her silence thawed, and she did leave the griddle at last and came and sat at the corner of the table, as she warmed up to tell how Will Morton laid down the book one night, and talked to them all about Harry. And of course she told many stories of him, which I cannot repeat here; and then Mabel got to telling some stories that I had told her. And Celia felt as if Mabel and she were old friends, and told her more about Will Morton, and about their life in Ethan, and about the Base Ball Club, and about her brother Sam, who had gone to Minnesota. She told about her own marriage, and how strange it seemed to her to come out here; and Mabel learned that between Ethan in Vermont, and the southern shore of Lake Erie, there was as much difference as between Cockley in Norfolk and Ethan in Vermont; she learned that she was not the only girl that had left her father's house to find a strange, very strange home. If Harry Wadsworth had never done any thing else, he had made sisters of those two women. So they all talked and talked. Just after the June sunset the youngest children slipped in with two great bowls of beautiful

strawberries, and Mabel ate from these as she talked, almost unconsciously. The fire in the stove went down, the griddle-cakes grew cold, and it was dark when their long croon was interrupted, as Mrs. Palmer, Mary's companion in misfortune, opened the kitchen door and came in.

Horace? He had been knocked on the head, as he was at work on the forward deck, very early in the business. Some one in the pilot's box hove an axe forward to the mate, who had called for it. Horace was stepping across hastily, the axe struck him in the forehead, knocked him down, and he lay there senseless. The water, leaking from the hose that they were working with, dribbled down on his face sometimes, but nobody could stop to nurse him.

But when the game was played through, when the last quarter boat hauled up under the bow of the *Deerhound*, and the mate for the last time came on board, and said to the captain, "You must come now, sir, there is not a living cat on the vessel," the captain pointed to Horace as he lay there, and said, "Silas, we will heave him down, too. Perhaps there's life in him.

Whether there is or not, it shan't be said that the only two English people in the boat went to the bottom. Handsome fellow he is!" And the captain took Horace by the shoulders, and Silas took him under his hips and carried the senseless body to the opening in the rail; they called two firemen who stood on the thwarts and handed it down, and laid it along as best they could, on the after thwart and in the hollow behind it. Then the boat-hooks shoved her off, and the boat followed the others.

"Them women," said Silas, meditatively, "must have stifled in ten minutes after he sent them there. What on airth made him tell them to go into the ladies' saloon?"

Horace was not killed. Else these pages were not here. The captain never believed he was killed. As soon as the men gave way at the oars, and the boat was well off the wreck, the captain cut off the waist buttons of Horace's clothes, laid bare his breast, untied his neck-cloth, and again and again flung water in his face, as he lay in the arms of that good-natured German, who was wondering, perhaps, if this were the usual mode of travel in America. In fifteen

minutes the muscular, full-blooded young Englishman opened his eyes; in three more he was wondering; then he shook himself free, sat up, put his hand to his head, looked round, and began to ask questions.

The burning *Deerhound* could still be seen, and in reply the captain pointed her out to him far astern. Then how boldly the captain lied, as the poor wretch asked after Mabel! You would have thought Mabel was in a Lord Mayor's barge upon the Cydnus, lying upon cushions, fanned by Cupids and rowed by Naiads, so emphatic were the captain's assurances of her comfort and safety, — assurances which Horace was just stupid enough, with the blow, to believe. He grew faint again with his effort, needed a little of the Jamaica the captain gave him, and sank back, with his eyes blurred and his head spinning, on the German's shoulder.

Then it was that the second botch was made in the proceedings of that night. The boats were all pulling for Huron, against a heavy western breeze which was freshening into a gale. The captain's boat was the last of the little squadron, which was pulling in order — it must

be near twenty miles—that they might not risk the beaching business with that heavy sea on. By daybreak the others were all safe, and were telegraphed as safe all over the country, while the same telegram reported that the captain's boat was not heard from, and that two women and two children, and an Englishman, name not known, had gone down in the *Deerhound*. This botch all resulted, because, as the captain's boat slowly followed the others, they crossed the line of the little Canadian brig which was beating across the lake back and forth, working her way home from Buffalo to Amherstburg. It was a natural thing, of course, to answer her friendly hail, a very natural thing to run alongside, a natural thing to take the line her skipper threw, a natural thing to go on board, all of them, and to take the boat in tow. Then as towards morning the gale did freshen, and they had to stay on board, it was natural to stay. But because of all this, so natural at every step, when in the fog of the next day she went ashore and bilged on Pelee Island, and they all crawled to land in wet jackets, that was a pity. That was the reason that for four days Horace thought his wife was

in heaven; and that for three of those same four days she was more and more sure he was there.

But Horace also fitted off his telegram to No. 9, in the Third Range. And his telegram worked through rather faster than hers, though it started later. The two arrived at Skowhegan the same night. And one express messenger was started for No. 9 in the morning with the two. The weak-minded brother neglected to bring any newspaper with him, so that all that Polly and I knew was in these words: —

We were in the *Deerhound*. Mabel is lost. Address Detroit. HORACE DALRYMPLE.

And in these, as above, —

I am safe. But I do not know if Horace is. We were in the *Deerhound*. MABEL DALRYMPLE.

What the *Deerhound* was or where they were, we did not know. But Mabel's despatch was dated Elyria and Horace's was dated London, C. W; and we knew that C. W. did not mean West Centre of the real London, but Canada West of the — new one.

Poor souls! Lake Erie was between them, — and neither knew if the other were alive.

We gave the boy his supper, fed his horse well, admonished him to bring a newspaper another time, and started him back with the return despatches: —

Your husband is well. Address him at Detroit.

F. INGHAM.

Your wife is well. Find her at Elyria.

F. INGHAM

And with hopes that they would not go Evangelining and Gabrielling it all over the Western country till they died, we went to bed, still wishing the boy had brought a newspaper, and wondering what had happened to the *Deerhound.*

Mabel got that despatch the third night, so she slept comfortably and happy. Two days still it was before she had any thing but the telegram to live upon; but the telegram was enough, and good Mrs. Morrow's chicken fixings and strawberries and "young Hyson" all helped a little. And they fitted off poor Mrs. Palmer, and little Alice and "baby," for Philadelphia. She thought she might as well go to Philadelphia as anywhere. And at last, five days, I believe, after the night of horrors, Horace came up be-

hind Mabel, as she sat in the piazza with Celia's baby in her arms, put his brown hands on her two cool cheeks, bent over and kissed her, upside down! And Mabel did not faint away!

The next morning Dalrymple wrote to me at considerable length, giving some hint of the story I have been telling, and of his plans for refitting himself and his wife. Here is the end of the letter:—

"While all this goes forward we shall stay here, knowing where we are well off. Poor Mabel really is at home here with these nice people, who are just what you would call clever —as kind as they can be. Do you know, as soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Wadsworth's picture, and it proved that the waves had flung her upon one more of what she calls the Harry Wadsworth homes. And I,—before this poor skipper I tell you of and I had talked five minutes on the logs there on Pelee Island, watching his little vessel as she ground to pieces, I found he was one of Wadsworth's men! What do you think of that? He was a rough customer, but when I said something sympathetic

about the loss of the vessel, he answered as cheerfully as a bird, evidently knowing that it was all right. I told him he was a philosopher. 'No,' he said, very simply, handing me back my pipe from which he was lighting his, 'it is not my philosophy, it is my religion. But I don't like to call it so. Our notion is that a man had better not talk much about his religion, certainly had better not think at all about saving his soul. We think he'd better do what he can to save other people's souls, or if he isn't strong that way, save their bodies, or keep them from the devil, some way; and forget he has any soul himself, if he can't do better.'

"Only think, Ingham, of my hearing such words of wisdom out on a fresh-water beach, that did not know enough to have the tide rise. 'Who do you mean by "we"?' I said. 'Oh,' said he, a little nervously this time, 'a little set of us, who don't care to make any noise about our club; we call ourselves Harry Wadsworth's men.'

"Ingham, I started as if I had been shot. Then I was afraid for a minute I was not right in my head, after this dig the axe had given me

But it was quite clear that the man and the lake and the logs were there, and I questioned him further. He made no secret of it; there were thirty or forty of them who had arranged to get together sometimes, in Detroit, to help each other as well as they could, in their charities, which he represented as mere nothings, but which I found afterwards were what the world's people would make quite a fuss about, mostly among emigrants and sailors. This man, Woodberry, said, as simply as he said every thing else, that it was the only way he had ever experienced religion; that his father and mother were religious people, and he had a brother who was a Baptist minister; but that he did not make much of their notions or their way, but that these Wadsworth people pulled him through a hard turn once when they found him sick in a sailor boarding-house, and he had found since that their religion proved a very good religion for him.

"When we passed through Detroit, he took me round to one of their meetings. It had some of the fuss and form that you and I have seen at lodge, and division, and communication meetings all the world over; but it had a perfectly

healthy tone, was true as truth, and tremendously energetic. There was no vow of secrecy, but great unwillingness to get into the newspaper. When I showed my picture of Wadsworth, I became quite a hero. They were glad to hear of the founder of their club from one side more. Remember that, till that moment, I was in the clothes I swam ashore in. What should you say if I told you that it was the President of the Harry Wadsworth Club who introduced me to the Detroit banker who honored the draft on New York, in which I am at this moment dressed, and with which I am shod and hatted. So much for the photograph.

"They have told me of three or four other clubs somewhat like their own. But I do not think there is any effort made to form clubs. It is rather an accident as people drift together. I found they knew all your story of the meeting at the funeral, what you call 'Ten times one is ten.' Some of them were friends of Morton's, some of them had known Professor Widdifield's scholars. They had a printed list of the 'original ten,' as they called them. I showed them Mrs. Ingham's calendar of the one hundred and

one people who had had their lives lifted up, and made less selfish in their different ways, as that man's central influence extended. That pleased them; they had not, for instance, known any thing about the Kermadeck Islands, nor what had become of you or Mrs. Emerson. I showed them Mrs. Emerson's letter to me, and told them about my visit to Mrs. Merriam. And then one of the statistical brethren proposed a count, whereat a more godly brother quoted Scripture and explained about David's census. None the less did they count up the people they knew and I knew who this day count Harry Wadsworth as personal friend, personal comforter, adviser, and help to them. Ingham, there were one thousand and twenty-three!

"I will write you again before we leave here. The house has but three rooms, but they make us very comfortable. Mabel needs rest, and has to get clothed again.

"Truly yours, H. D."

I read that letter to Polly, and she said, "Ten times a hundred is a thousand. It was only six years ago."

CHAPTER IV.

TEN TIMES A THOUSAND.

THE Harry Wadsworth Club, which first met in the North Colchester station, had enlarged itself, in six years, without knowing it, — and without trying to enlarge, — to a thousand members. They did not know each other's names, — and there were not many of them who cared to. They had a great many different constitutions. Some were clubs for singing, some were sewing-schools, some were base ball clubs; and this rather formal one at Detroit, upon which, by good luck, Horace Dalrymple had stumbled, had officers, — a president, secretary and records, and all that. All you could say of these thousand people was that, in six years, the life of that young railroad freight-agent had quickened their lives, had made them less selfish, and less worldly. They lived more for each other and for God, because

he had lived, and they knew that he had rendered them this service. They showed their knowledge of it in different ways, or some of them perhaps did not speak of it at all. Some of the younger and more demonstrative ones had secret breast-pins with H. W. in a cypher on them. Some of the others, like the Morrows, had Harry's picture framed and hanging on the wall. Some of them, like me, carried it in their hearts, and needed no bit of paper.

But as I say, in six years the ten had multiplied to a thousand by as simple a process as this, —

$$10 \times 10 = 100. \quad 100 \times 10 = 1000.$$

And, at this fascinating point, alas! I must leave the detail of the story. Indeed, as you see, I have had to leave it already. Of these thousand lives, I have told the story of only four or five, and only a very little part of that. If anybody should tell the story, it would be Horace Dalrymple, who with his pretty Mabel travelled up and down America, backwards and forwards, as the Harry Wadsworth people advised him, sent him, or invited him, for three years and more, after that horrible night on the *Deerhound*.

They saw a great deal of beautiful scenery, and I dare say they "were shown" — as the penny-a-liners love to say — a great many "institutions." They came out in the South Park in the Rocky Mountains; and they went to the Middle Park and to the North Park. I do not know where they did not go. But they did not travel to see "institutions." They did not, in the first instance, go to hunt, or to fish, or to make sketches. They went where one of Harry Wadsworth's men sent them to another. They went from prince to peasant, — you would say, — only there is never a peasant nor a prince west of the Atlantic, nor east of the Pacific. They went from cabin to palace, and from palace to cabin So they saw what so few travellers see, — the home life of the people here.

These persons they visited did not sit in groups, with their best clothes on, talking about Harry Wadsworth. Not they! A great many of them did not speak his name in a year, maybe did not think of him for a month. "It was not that," said pretty Mabel to me, when she was fresh from this Sinbad life, — "the freemasonry of it was that you found everywhere a

cheerful out-look, a perfect determination to relieve suffering, and a certainty that it could be relieved, — a sort of sweetness of disposition, which comes, I think, from the habit of looking across the line, as if death were little or nothing; and with that, perhaps, a disposition to be social, to meet people more than half way."

Thus spoke the little Englishwoman; and I, in my analytical way, used to the inevitable three heads of the sermon, said to myself, — "Humph, that is Mabel's translation of faith, hope, and love."

Horace and Mabel, after their three years' journey, had found us living in South Boston. We were sitting after dinner one day on the wood-shed behind the house, which served us as a piazza, when Horace laid down his pipe, and asked me if I remembered explaining to him the way in which people dispersed over the United States, — so that the census shows that each State is made up from the children of all. I had forgotten it, but he recalled it to me.

"That was what first set me on this journey," said he, "which has carried us so far. Now the queer thing about it is, that it is no special law

of your country, this dispersion and radiation; it is a law of all modern civilization."

"Of course it is," said I.

"Of course it is," said he. "Here is this Connecticut pinmaker." And he took out from his pocket-book a bit of green paper, evidently torn from a paper of pins, on which the man said that he was "pinmaker for the people of the United States, and for exportation to all parts of the world." "Now, that," said Horace, "is wha you call a piece of buncombe; but, for all that it is true. The old statement is true, that if you import into Russia a bottle of champagne or a piece of broadcloth, you import liberal ideas there as truly as if you imported Tom Paine Commerce is no missionary to carry more o better than you have at home. But what you have at home, be it gospel or be it drunkenness, commerce carries the world over. As what's-his-name said, the walking-beam of Livingstone's steam-launch preached as well as Livingstone, and a good many more people heard it."

"It would not have said much if Livingstone had not been there," said I, a little crustily.

"Don't be sore, padre," said Horace. "No-

only said it would. But you see Livingstone was there. That is just what I am saying. And there are Livingstones all over this world, who are not acquainted with the Royal Geographical Society. As we came on from New York last night, after Mabel turned in, I got out this note-book, and I added up the number of men and women who belong to these different Wadsworth clubs, who have travelled or settled in different parts of this world. Just look at them."

Sure enough I found Horace, — who was always a better acting adjutant than he was any thing else, — true to his nature, had entered in close columns, forty lines to a page, the people that any of the Harry Wadsworth people regarded as being really in earnest in relieving the suffering of the world, and getting the world out of the mud. "There's a sort of law of average about it," said Harry. "Every now and then a member dies. Then I make a red star, — so, against him. But, on the average, you find that every working man, or especially every working woman in one of these lodges, or clubs, or singing-schools, is represented at the end of three years' time by ten persons whom he has started

on a better kind of life than he was leading before. When I was with these people at Detroit after I got my head knocked open, we counted up a little more than a thousand, of what they called, in their stately way, 'affiliated members.' Your wife, here, was one of their 'affiliated members.' But I have got here, now, — in three years' more time, — see here," — and he turned over page after page of his crowded note-book. At the end was a rough count — 10,140. "That is what three years have made of one thousand and twenty-three, so far as we know. Of course, a great many of them are wholly out of our sight."

Little Pauline, who is an enthusiast about Harry Wadsworth, though she never saw him, clapped her hands with delight, as Horace said this, and cried out, "TEN TIMES ONE THOUSAND IS TEN THOUSAND."

"Do you learn that at the Lincoln School?" said Horace, with approval. "I shall have to put you on my register, I believe. But what I was saying, Ingham, is this: Here are underlined with blue all the seafaring men in this list. See how many. With red are all the Englishmen,

Scotchmen, Germans, and the rest, whose homes are likely to be in any part of Europe, — see here, and here. With green are marked the Asiatics: people at Calcutta, — there's a man at Singapore, — all these are Japanese men. And these, underscored with black, — there are fifty-one even of them, — are in Africa; you would say it was impossible. But what with Algiers, Alexandria, Zanzibar, the Cape, and a good many men and women who went to Liberia, Harry Wadsworth and his loving life are represented, so far as that, in Africa."

Then Horace went on to say, that for himself his travelling was over. The people at home were wild to see Mabel and her baby. The child himself was weaned, and he should finally "settle down" with the two. "I can do as much at home in renewing this world, and bringing in the kingdom," said he, "as if the Arapahoes were scalping me. And I foresee that my mission ground is Norfolk, which I did not suspect when you and I were in Calabria. What I have to say now is this, that in Norfolk I shall constitute myself the assistant adjutant, for that quarter of the world, of these Wadsworth people. I

mean to keep up the list of these whom I have marked with red. If I write one letter every morning and one every evening to them, and four every Sunday, I can write in three years twenty-five hundred letters to one part of Europe and to another. I mean to find out, before three years are over, what the radiating influence of one Christian life is, in a quarter of the world which the man never saw who lived that life."

We were talking this over, when we met the others at tea. Mabel was full of it. She really knew the Coffins who had gone to Sweden and the Wentworths who were at Dresden, and I know not how many more she meant to write letters to, and get information. Mary Throop was taking tea with us. One of the real steady-going people she, capable of immense enthusiasm, all the more, because she never shows any, — no, though you put her on the rack and pull her tendons asunder, — the approved way of awaking enthusiasm. She looked over Dalrymple's book with approbation, nodded silently once and again, understood it all the better because no one explained it to her, smiled her approval as she gave it back, and said, "I am

going to get a book. I am going to take Asia."

"Will you?" cried Horace, exultant. "I had not supposed anybody else would care any thing about doing it. But if you only will! You see, my dear Miss Mary, it is not the glorifying of this young man, that is the last thing anybody wants to do. It is that any life as noble as his and as pure as his never dies; and that his power to lift up the world is always going on!"

Yes: Mary Throop saw that too. She had not enlisted herself for any work of mutual admiration. She wanted to register the real diffusive power of right and truth and love and life. She would do her share.

Horace thought a moment and said, "If you really will take Asia, I know who will take Africa. Mabel, do you not remember that great black man on the railroad from Memphis? Here is his name, Fergus Jamieson. He will take Africa. He had been up the Niger. He had a passion for statistics. And I have his card somewhere. We can have the whole world. For there is nothing the Detroit men will like better than to keep up America. I will write

to-night to Taylor and to Wagner. They have the statistical passion there also."

"For my part," said Polly, "I detest writing letters to people I never saw. I believe you men like it, because you did it in the army,—and you thought King Bomba was beaten when you had emptied a pigeon-hole by putting all the papers into big envelopes, and writing on the outside 'Respectfully referred to Major Pendennis.'

"For my part," continued she, "I had rather he children should spend their money on a grab-bag at a fair, than bring me home a parcel of letters from the fair post-office, that were written at a venture, from somebody to nobody, to be posted nowhere, because they were good for nothing."

Mabel laughed and said, "Amen, amen. But you see, dear Polly," said she, "or you shall see, that these letters of ours are written by somebody of flesh and blood, to somebody of blood and flesh, with something in them and going — to Sweden, — mine are."

"Humph," said Polly incredulously, "they will take the express train back to Weeden sta-

tion when they get there." But Mabel only laughed the louder, said she should write her first letter then and there; that Mary Throop should write hers and that Horace should write his.

"And Polly," said I, "shall pay the postage, out of our rag-money."

So the three first letters in this gigantic correspondence were written that night in our sitting room in D Street. They were read, criticised, postscripts added, and then forwarded; and so the second half of the formation of the Club began.

CHAPTER V.

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND THE ISLES OF THE OCEAN.

YES, it is true that the next three years of this history become a little less determinate. There is less of that "realism," as the critics call it,—which the critics so much dislike, because it makes you sure that what you read is true, instead of being bookish, and in general improbable or unreal, as the critics think all truly good writing should be. You see it was on the 24th of March, 1870, that Dalrymple and his pretty wife left our house to take the *City of Brussels* for Queenstown and Liverpool,—and from that day to this day I have never seen their faces more. Also Mary Throop has never been in D Street again. As for Fergus Jamieson, I never saw him, far less the Detroit corresponding secretaries. What I am now to tell, therefore, of the three years between 1870 and 1873, I am to

compile from statistics, files of letters, and the law of general averages; and it will have much more the vague air of ordinary history, therefore, than the truth truly told ever does, — from which, as you know, ordinary history is indefinitely removed.

Sparing you the detail, then, in which prophecy and history fail alike, here is the sum of the story. Of the TEN THOUSAND Dalrymple had the names of I know not how many hundreds of men and women, who from this cosmopolitan country of ours had carried Harry Wadsworth's name or his picture, or his printed letters, to one or another part of Europe, or if not these, had carried the spirit of his life there. They had what the Detroit men called the four corner-stones, — and in Detroit had painted on four slabs in their lodge-house: "They "looked up and not down," "they did not talk of themselves," "they always lent a hand," and "they were not afraid to die." Yes, and they knew, but for Harry Wadsworth, they would have thought more of themselves, would have been brooding and regretting, — would have been slower to help, — and would have cling tighter to life

With these eight hundred, more or less, men and women, Horace and Mabel began their correspondence: three letters a day, counting hers, and five or six every Sunday. Well for them that postage was coming lower, — but they sold their foreign stamps for the benefit of the cause. That was an economy Mrs. Haliburton taught them.

Well! a great many letters never were answered, perhaps a third part. But on the other hand, it proved at once that there were in Europe already many more of the apostles, as Dalrymple began to call them, than he and Mabel had any idea of. They had to open new books, with much wider margins, and much more space between the lines. Iron-men had not been ironing in Sweden without carrying there the old Cronstadt lore; railroad men did not go to Russia without carrying there the North Colchester traditions; young artists did not paint in Rome without talking to their model boys, brigands or beggars, as it might happen, in the spirit with which Harry talked to Will Corcoran and the Tidd boys. Nay, Horace even went down into Calabria and established an order there among

people as black as the most veritable Carbonari; and he was fond of saying that he found there some Italians, who remembered the padre Colonel Ingham, and who had not forgotten what I had told them, in my wretched way, of Harry.

I think Mabel was most touched, when, as they were coming home through Thuringia, and had stopped on her account for a day or two, at the smallest and least pretentious inn that ever escaped from being put into Murray, the tidy girl who fried the trout, made the bread, smoothed the pillows, brushed away the flies, and in the evening played on the guitar, — proved to speak English, and proved to have learned it at Manitowoc, in Wisconsin. Mabel was so far Westernised by this time, that she clave to the German girl as to a sister, — more, I am afraid, for the flesh is weak, than if the girl had been a bar-maid in Norwich or in Aylsham, rather nearer Mabel's home than Manitowoc was. Be this as it may, they sisterized at once. Mabel talked Wisconsin to her, and she talked of the Lakes to Mabel, — broken English and broken German got cemented together; and before they were done, the Fraulein had produced a Harry-Wadsworth

breast-pin! They had had a little church there in Wisconsin, back twenty miles from the lake, where one of Widdifield's men was the minister! And this girl also had learned "to look forward and not backward, to look up and not down, to look out and not in," and to "lend a hand." And when she came back to Thuringia, in the little guest-house there, she had organized a chorus of peasant-girls, who met her once a week, and read their Bibles together, and sung together, and knitted together, and four times a year gave away the stockings they knit to the old women in the charcoal huts, — the witches of seven generations ago, — and they did this in memory of Harry! So far that little candle threw its beams! They showed her the copy of "Frank Leslie," which had the picture of the dedication of the Wadsworth Library Hall in Pioneer, Missouri.

But I said I would not run into detail. Nor will I even cumber the page by the nicely ruled table Dalrymple made up for me three years after he left us. I had enough rather copy scraps from Mabel's crossed letters. She wrote freely to us, and did not count those letters

among the official ones. But I will not do that. Nor will I ask you to follow Mary Throop through the mazes of her Asiatic correspondence. Queer stamps she got, with her Singapore mails, and her Assam distribution offices, — and Galle and Shanghae and Petropaulowsky, and End-of-the-earth in general. Nor will I offend the proprieties by copying the very indifferent spelling of Fergus Jamieson, writing from Monrovia, — nor explain the great difficulties of his inland correspondence. Far less will I try to condense within these waning pages the full and triumphant statistics compiled by the recording and corresponding secretaries, and the staffs of assistant correspondents and assistant recorders of the Detroit central "Office of Registration." Do not we all remember George Canning's words? "I can prove any thing by statistics, — except the truth." So we will let the statistics go, accepting only the results.

For, about the time I got Dalrymple's elaborate letter of his three years' observation in Europe, Jamieson's from Monrovia came. Before long, there appeared an immense printed document from Detroit, and then we wrote to

Mary for her Asiatic statistics. Queer enough, the old law held! In three years, everybody who cared for this dissemination, by personal love and personal work, of the spirit of an unselfish life, had found some nine, ten, or eleven people like himself. The average ran at ten, as it had done. And when Pauline, who was now a big child, added up all the columns, they came out, under this eternal law, **107,413**. "TEN TIMES TEN THOUSAND IS A HUNDRED THOUSAND!" That was the one remark which Pauline volunteered on the occasion.

CHAPTER VI.

TEN TIMES A HUNDRED THOUSAND

AND so my story is well-nigh done. Not because there is no more to tell, but because there is so much to tell. Anybody can count the seed-leaves on an elm-tree the year it starts, but Dr. Gray and Mr. Peirce are the only people I ever heard of who computed the leaves on the Washington Elm; and the man to whom they told the sum forgot whether there were a million or ten million, because neither the word million nor the words ten million gave him much idea or meaning. I could tell you how Harry Wadsworth made the first ten what they were, but I could only hint of the way the first ten helped the first hundred. I could only pick out one story of the work of the first hundred, and of the first thousand I know I have told you nothing. But nothing dies which deserves to live. Fifteen years after he was dead, we loved

him all the same; and every true word he spoke went over the world with all the same power, though it did happen to be spoken in the language of the Ngambes by a chief of the Barotse to a woman of Sesheke. Wildfire does not stop of itself; and when a hundred thousand blades of grass are really on fire, it does not stop easily. So the next three years from this count of Pauline's proved.

Dalrymple had also had to appoint secretaries for France, Southern Italy, Northern Italy, and the rest. His polyglot was not very good, and he said different nations had different ways. So it was in Jamiesson's continent also, Kilimane and Sesheke, Ossuan and Jinga, there were many languages, many methods, little writing, and no mails. But love worked wonders easily in that African blood, and Jamiesson had most extraordinary stories from traders, and camel-drivers, and boatmen, and ivory carriers, and I know not whom. In Asia they got things going with their own Asiatic fervor, and they went forward with a rush when they were started. All religions have begun there, and our co-operation in true life, which was no new religion,

but only a little additional vigor with a little more simplicity in the old, was at home on the old soil. And here in America, I need not tell how many forms of organization and of refusal to organize, how many statements, platforms, movements, combinations, head centres, middle centres, and centre centres, would develop in three years.

What pleased me in it all was this, — that nobody, so far as I could find out, got swept away with the folly of counting noses. Nobody seemed to think he was subduing the world, — because he was in a correspondence bureau and kept count of those who subdued. I do not believe anybody gave more time to the correspondence than Horace did, — a letter before breakfast, and another as he went to bed, — perhaps half an hour a day. On the other hand, I am perfectly sure that Horace was ten times a man, because he was thus thrown into outside relations. What does the third "plank" say, but "Look out rather than in." It was near the end of these three years that they made an attack on us, Horace and Mabel, and insisted that our four oldest girls should make them a visit. We

said it was nonsense, — but the girls did not think so, — and after many obstacles set up by me, Horace and Mabel and the four girls conquered; and, trampling over my body, — for Bertha, Clara, and Pauline, all sailed for England, went to Norfolk, and made a most lovely summer visit there. Horace took them up into Scotland, and they tried salmon-fishing there, — all of them, Mabel and all, went to the Lakes together, and they slopped with their water-colors there; but the very best of all was at home. That was so homelike, so English, and so lovely. I think Mabel's father, in his heart of hearts, thought that these four girls were the most extraordinary things which Horace had ever sent home from his wanderings; that no stuffed kangaroo, or no living emu of his boyhood, equalled these four adventurous living specimens. But none the less did he come over daily to the house to see what could be done that day for their amusement. And Horace's own father, as the girls by one accord declared, was "just lovely."

Of which visit, let them write the history, — in this place only this is to be noted: that except-

ing when Pauline went bodily into Horace's den, and compelled him to show her Wadsworth letters, they hardly saw or heard any thing of the secretary's duties as secretary. What they did see was the eager, cheerful life of a conscientious gentleman in the midst of a large tenantry. They saw farms in perfect order; they saw laborers with the lines of promotion open; they went into schools of cheerful, bright, intelligent children, well taught and thriving; they saw all the time that Horace was lifting where he stood; and that by Swaffham in Norfolk, he was driving out the King Bombas of that region quite as effectually as he drove out another King Bomba from Calabria. His vocation was that of an English land-proprietor, compelling deserts to blossom and bear fruit; his avocation was so near to it, that it was hard to discriminate. It was the making the men who worked on his estates to be more manly, and the lifting up their children's lives; yes, and without their knowing it also, the farmers who only paid him rent, and the laborers whom they hired, and their children also, were lifted up in the general renovation. These were the vocation and the avo-

cation. For a little "Third," as he called it, — a pastime of his dressing-room, — he kept up the correspondence with such Englishmen as believed in the four cardinal points, and were trying to make other people live by them.

Norfolk, Norfolk, Norfolk, — always Norfolk, with its dear English names, Swaffham and Cockley and Aylsham, and I know not where not, — are the burden of the girls' tales of this celebrated English visit. But the end of it is the part which specially belongs in this history of mine; namely, the expedition they all made to Baden-Baden. A queer place, you would have said, for Horace and Mabel actually to start for, having no other object than to entertain four country cousins, — that is, my four girls. But you say this because you do not know that the Prime Minister, and indeed half the government, and the Crown Prince himself, were, at this time, all enthusiasts for "the four cardinal points" named above; and had, long before, painted these statements of them, in letters of gold on the four sides of the Kursaal, where you, Mr. Chips, remember losing five hundred louleaux the night before you left for home: "Sursum

corda," "vorwärts nicht rückwärts," "αὐτὸς ὁ αὐτός," and "lend a hand." This was the way they rendered the four legends, which Detroit had been satisfied to print in our vernacular. I need not say that the whole gambling business was at an end; but though they were virtuous, there were cakes still, and what took the place of ale. The government — younger men than you and I remember in Baden — were all of them enthusiasts, and all of them æsthetic. They declared that they would show that Baden-Baden without high play could be made more attractive than Baden-Baden with it: they gave the four "cardinal points" for the secrets of the attraction, and certainly they succeeded. The drama of Weimar was never better than theirs; the out-door life of Baden-Baden itself, in its tawdry days, was never as luxurious as this was now, the fine art of Munich was more grandiose, but not half so lovely as this; and, what with pretty girls, enthusiastic artists, an opera beyond reproach, the perfection of comedy, the most agreeable men in Europe and the most attractive women, — the people who came there managed to live without *rouge et noir*, — at least my girl did.

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CHAPTER VII.

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And when all had well feasted, George sent off his own lovely clipper yacht, the "Harry Wadsworth," which had long before taken the place of the shattered canoe, with a skipper who cracked on day and night to Hawaii, and telegraphed to the four continental secretaries only these words: "Ten million nine hundred and thirty-four thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven." "Only these and nothing more." And the next morning, all over the world where there were newspapers, in the head line of the "Personal" in the leading journals of the towns where were secretaries, there appeared in full-face italic capitals these words only, understood by the elect, if by no others: —

TEN TIMES A MILLION IS TEN MILLION.

That was the way in which the Christmas Island meeting and its results were first announced to me and to Polly. We had been at No. 9 for four or five months, and by misfortune all our letters from the Kermadeck Islands had gone to D Street in Washington, because the Kermadeckers had neglected to put "South Boston" on them. Then they had been sent

back from the dead-letter office to the Island; and when Dutton got home from the festival, he found them there. Perhaps it did not make much difference, as I suppose none of us could have gone. But we should have been glad to make our own decision

CHAPTER VIII.

TEN TIMES TEN MILLION.

SO the end comes of course. For when ten million people have determined that the right thing shall come to pass in this world, — having a good God on their side, they will always be found to have their own way. For reasons I have explained, the history becomes more vague. For we have now come to the period between 1879 and 1882, and the files of newspapers for that period, let us be thankful, are comparatively few. It was in the fall of 1879 that they gathered together under the fern leaves on Christmas Island.

But this *ten million* despatch gave spirit to all parties. And, over all the world, many a man and woman who had been talking prose all their lives, and doing very commonplace things, began to learn the great lessons, — that it is in the long-run much better to talk prose than to talk poetry,

and that he who does commonplace things well may be mastering the world. With the ten million despatch, I should say, there came for the first time the feeling that even by prose and by commonplace the world might be saved.

And, for three years more, the three years between 1879 and 1882, the ten million people, each in his own home, were doing just what Harry himself did in the beginning. Only they had the feeling, now, that something was coming to pass which he never dreamed of, nor the Club of Ten, nor the Detroit Club. They did not put the "movement" into the newspaper; there was no "movement" to put in, — more than there was when Harry gave the Widow Corcoran her chips in the wood-shed. Still the great fact of the existence of the ten million could not well be kept out of the newspapers. And without dwelling on this period, I may just say that it was in these three years that the "movement," if it must be called so, went through the necessary crises of controversy.

Mr. Agassiz says that every great scientific truth goes through three stages. First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say

it had been discovered before. Lastly, they say they always believed it. Exactly this happened with the "movement." The first two stages came in, in the three years between 1879 and 1882.

As soon as the magic words,

TEN TIMES A MILLION IS TEN MILLION,

appeared by direction of the local secretaries in the "Personal" of the daily newspapers, all the religious newspapers began inquiring into their meaning, — and to ask whether there were not concealed some profligate attack on the Bible The particularly bright religious journals got leaders out about it within a fortnight after the words appeared, — the others not so soon. This delay was not amiss, however. The bright ones had all proved that the words were very dangerous, and that a terrible plot against the church was concealed in them. This waked up the drowsy ones, and they did not like to own that they had been asleep. So they all said they did not think the words were dangerous; the only danger was in the columns of the wakeful journals. This gave our friends one half the religious

press as counsel for the defence; and as, in truth, our whole effort was in the simple line of the most unpretending Christianity, whenever any journal did try to rip up the constitution of a club, or to prove that Harry Wadsworth was a heathen, the effort generally came to grief of its own weight. There was a good deal of judicious comment on the dangers of secret societies, till it proved that none of the *ten million* people, as they came to be called, had formed any secret society. A good deal was said about log-rolling and mutual admiration societies. But on the whole it proved that they had a distaste for politics, and that when they were in public life they were men the public could not do without. Before many months, as it happened, a proposal was made in the English Parliament to omit the letter *u* from the spelling of "honour" in the English Bibles. And then on this question such a controversy arose in England as swept through the religious press of all the world, and this quite ended the "ten million discussion." Nothing more was ever said, so far as I ever heard, about the movement being hostile to the Bible.

But, on the other hand, a good many bright fellows, frontier bishops, secretaries of missionary

societies, and such like, who were really trying, in their own way, to get the world forward if only they could find places for their levers, studied the bit of mathematics by which in twenty-one years seven zeroes had been annexed to the 1, which stood for Harry Wadsworth. They had the wit to see that this was much more substantial victory than all their tracts had yet won, — or any one of their embassies. They saw at the same moment that it was precisely the system on which all Christian victories have been won, — on which the hundred people of the *Mayflower* cabin had become so many millions to-day. Hundreds of these men were sharp-sighted enough and faithful enough to claim the ten million as their own allies; and at once there were published millons of tracts with such titles as —

"HENRY WADSWORTH proved a SANDEMANIAN." Published by the Sandemanian Board. Price, one cent; one hundred and twenty-five copies for one dollar.

"TEN MILLION WITNESSES to the Articles of the Protestant Episcopal Church." Published for gratuitous distribution, with the authority of the Rt. Rev. Henry Cairns. Minneapolis, 1880.

"REASONS which make it evident that HENRY WADSWORTH was a Unitarian Congregational Christian." Tract No. 97. Sixth Series. American Unitarian Association, Chicago, 1881.

"WADSWORTH A UNIVERSALIST. A Short Tract, by Hiram Ballou. For circulation." Publishing House, New York, 1880.

"The Standards Planted. An Affectionate Appeal to the Ten Million." Philadelphia. Presbyterian Union, 1880.

"Wesley's Class System vindicated in Wadsworth's Tens." Methodist Board. New York, 1880.

And even Rome did not neglect an occasion so tempting; but there appeared "Religious Liberty the Method of the Holy Church: an Address to those who believe in the Four Detroit Mottoes." Catholic Publication House, New York, 1880.

All of them were eager to make out that the four Detroit Epigrams belonged specially to their own communions, and that the ten million would advance their central purpose by coming meekly into their respective organizations.

It was true enough that dear Harry had profited by all these people's books and plans. But Porter was all wrong, I am sorry to say, in pretending that Harry was a Sandemanian. The truth was, he was an officer of the Church of the Unity in Colchester; and, as such, he was at liberty to get all he could from Pope or from Pagan. In that Church, they never asked what a man believed, but they expected him to believe it with all his might, and no mistake. If he believed in Christ enough to come to their communion table, they never sought an excuse to turn him away.

So these three years sped by, — first, in the endeavor to show that the ten million were the most irreligious of men and women, which they were not; second, in an attempt from all the foci of ecclesiastical order to show that they were the most religious of men. To my notion they were, — though perhaps not exactly as these several tract-writers supposed.

Any way, religion or irreligion, the discussion did not help much, and did not hinder much, though perhaps it did hinder a little. The ten million were terribly in earnest, — just as much

as the Original Ten were. Indeed, they were rather too much in earnest for any large scale frolic when the three years were over. I might say, rather, that in that summer, the summer of 1882, the whole civilized world seemed very much changed. Was it that so many men and women were caring for others more than themselves, and living for God's law and not for the Devil's? Any way, there was not a railroad accident in America or Europe that summer; Congress adjourned after a session of only three weeks, and most of the State legislatures after a session of only three days. In the pretty country jails they were taking summer boarders. None of the schools in America had any evening lessons. The daily newspapers all had feuilletons with continued stories in them, because they had neither murders, accidents, nor sensation trials. Coal was at half price, because they mined by machinery, and the workmen had forgotten the mystery of striking. There was not a village but had its daily afternoon jollification, with a play or dance, or poem à la Morris, or charade, or picnic, or concert. And all life seemed such a frolic, that nobody cared to go to Baden-Baden or

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to Christmas Island, for a Conference or a Convention.

None the less did the local secretaries foot up their books, and telegraph the result to Dalrymple in Norfolk. Dalrymple's hair was iron-gray now, but he stepped with a firm gait, and his voice rang out as cheerily as ever. With such telegraphs as 1882 worked, his communication even with Timbuctoo was easy. Every day he received some dozens of despatches from different capitals; and at last, late in October, he got a despatch from Irkutsk informing him that an express was in from an outlying region of the Chalcha land among the Mongols. For this express they had been waiting, before they could send in their totals. And Dalrymple reverently added the figures to the sum of all the other stations which he had cast before. That total was 99,998,180

The Irkutsk despatch gave	24,792
So the grand total was	100,022,972

souls.

Horace, dear old boy, touched a key of his table telegraph, and in five seconds the bells of Swaffham, and Cockley, and Aylsham, and Dere-

ham, and Hingham, and Norwich, and for aught I know, of half England, were chiming with triple bob-majors and every thing else that would express joy. Ten hours of joyful chiming in Norwich, before they brought the bells home! Horace touched another key, and sent his private despatch to young Gladstone, who was then in his father's place as First Lord of the Treasury. In five seconds more the Tower guns were firing, — nay, in ten seconds an imperial salute was firing from every battery in that empire on which the sun never sets. Napoleon IV. did not get his despatch for five minutes. He was riding in the Bois de Boulogne, and the "repeat" did not find him. But the Home Minister got his, and took the responsibility of ordering the French salutes. So that when Napoleon did get the paper, he knew what it was before he opened it.

It was all an affair of seconds over the world, announced at sunset, sunrise, noon, or midnight, according to your longitude. Our President then was a man you do not know, John Fisher. He was an enthusiast. And his arrangements for salutes were so perfect that he said there was

not a capital city in America but knew the news sooner than Napoleon IV. had it. You see they had nothing to do, in those days, with the government stores of nitre and powder, but to burn it in jollification. So they burned it.

And thus it was an old story to most of the world when, the next morning, at the head of the "Personal" in the newspaper, men read —

TEN TIMES TEN MILLION IS A HUNDRED MILLION

Dalrymple wrote me a philosophical letter this time. He confessed that he had been terribly frightened before the Irkutsk despatch came. As it was, he said, it was by the skin of our teeth we were saved. He bade me remark the falling off between 109,341,270, which, as he said, should have been the number, at the least, and 100,022,972, which it was. "It is all very well for the multitude," said he, "to say 'ten times ten million is a hundred million,' and that is, thank God, one of the eternal truths. But, for all that, we have not gained tenfold in these three years. We have fallen off badly. So much for the quarrels of you Dominies. All

one time we were sticking fast on the Great Roll, at those ninety-seven millions and ninety-eight millions that filled up so slowly, my heart was in my throat. I lost my appetite, and could not hit a partridge if I tried. I tell you a million people are a great many. And when that plucky Tchitchakoff's bulletin came in, Fred, I could have kissed him. But, for the love of dear Harry, let us have no more quarrelling among you padres!"

CHAPTER IX.

A THOUSAND MILLION.

AND why were all these salutes fired, the world over? Why was every capital illuminated? Why was there a holiday given to every school? Half-holidays had been the universal daily custom for years before. It was simply, you see, that a tenth part of the people in the world had shown, in some way worth belief, that they meant—

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in,—
and
To lend a hand.

I say one tenth, in round numbers. We did not know in 1882 how many people there were in the world exactly. But we had subdued some estimates, and we had swelled some, and we "conceited" that there were rather more than a

thousand million men, women, and children, the world over. We had one estimate as high as 1,228,000,000; and this was, for want of a better, taken by the statistical men as the true one. It was roughly said that a tenth part of these were those little children of whose like is the kingdom of heaven, who are not yet profaned by contact with earth, or who, at all events, cannot be pledged to any line of duty. If this were so, there were, in round hundreds, one thousand one hundred million sentient, sensible, and responsible people in the world, say over three years old. Now, one tenth of these, as I said, were willing to live for the company rather than themselves. This willingness started this rejoicing. Of course a minority so large as that, practically agreeing on a few principles, ruled absolutely the larger majority. When but one man in thirteen was a Christian in the Roman Empire, Constantine found it politic to proclaim Christianity.

But we meant no such flash in the pan as Constantine's proclamation. We had not seen the Club of ten enlarge to the hundred million, in less than a generation, to stop there. Indeed,

the ten meanest men among those Chalcha people were as much in earnest as any of us of the Original Ten, that this world, and nothing less, should be put on a few simple principles, such as Jesus Christ lived for and died for. No man said any thing about this. The quarrels of the Dominies had cured us of talk and of new methods. Every man and woman understood that there was no short cut nor patent process. We saw that the thing must spread by contagion if it spread at all. Still, though no man said any thing, I can tell you the interest became intense, almost terrible sometimes, as those next three years whirled by.

You see at first these hundred million people were very unequally divided. Commerce, adventure, and all that, had scattered them a great deal; but still there were favored points and points not favored. There were whole villages, where, as far as you could see, almost every man held loyal to the Four Mottoes; where you were fairly tempted to say that God's own kingdom of love had come, just as you are tempted to say that of some Homes you and I know of.

But these people, if they really meant "to lend

a hand," could not stay in any such four-square Sybaris as that. Indeed they would stifle there, for want of vital air, and of exercise. They could not say their prayers there, indeed. What use in praying "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," if they, the very work-people to whom God had intrusted the work of the world, were doing nothing about it? And of course, as they looked out and not in, and forward and not backward, they did not satisfy themselves with making a contribution in church to help send one man in a black frock coat and a white neck-cloth to do this thing for them. They went themselves, in great companies. That was the new school of missions which built up the new civilization: unless you remember Lord Baltimore, and Winthrop, and the *Mayflower*, or perhaps go back to Isocrates and Herodotus, and say it was the old school of missions. A new Sybaris, say better a new Nazareth, would plant itself right in the midst of a horde of Gauchos, with rifles enough to make itself respected, — yes, but with dolls and rattles enough for the Gaucho babies, bread and butter enough for the Gaucho women if

there were famine, and, in general, love enough to tame any Gaucho chief who was not very thick-skinned. All over the world you saw such clusters of young people going from worn-out soils to the virgin soils, or from the new lands to the historical: Old and New playing into each other's hands, and, by wonderful combinations, taking tricks which had been thought impossible before.

Then you began to see the old line of public appeal exactly changed. The advertisement became the appeal of generosity instead of the plea of selfishness.

From the New York Herald.

A MOTHER and her daughter, without encumbrance, would gladly know where they can be of use. One of them was in Mrs. Emerson's school, and they have had the advantage of personal acquaintance with two of the Original Ten. Address M. and D., Herald Office.

FIVE young men, who graduate this summer at Cornell, would like to go to any part of the world where they are needed. Will bear their own expenses. Have heard the lectures of Mr. Widdifield, and the brothers Corcoran.

A WIDOW with four children will take into her family a paralyzed woman, or any blind person. Two sons good at lifting invalids. No charge for board, lodging, or washing. Address LAUNDRESS.

From the New York Observer.

DISTANCE no objection. Seven families, all the members of which are in good health and have lived together without quarrelling for seventeen years, will gladly go together to any outpost. None of them ever believed in total depravity. Address the Editor of this Journal.

SEVEN languages! Four gentlemen with their wives, in whose number are good interpreters in seven languages, are ready to sail at a moment's warning. No charge or salary. Have met personally five of the Original Ten. Address F. O. U. R.

DETROIT Club. Eleven members of the Original Detroit Club, with their families, wish to correspond with reference to duty. From an experience of twenty-four years, they are sure that they shall arouse no animosity among any Christians. Inquire of the Editor of the Observer.

THE graduates of Humboldt College, Iowa, of the present Senior Class — three hundred and seven in number — offer themselves for duty. Can work their way as stokers if necessary. They belong to one hundred and seven religious sects, and are yet to know their

first dissension. If necessary, two hundred and ninety-four ladies can accompany them. Address Senior, Springvale, Humboldt, Iowa.

And so on, and so on. These are only a few out of hundreds. And they are enough to show you how the world is really turned round, when the people in it, instead of inquiring first about what they shall eat and drink, are inquiring first how the kingdom of God shall come.

And, I promise you, with such practical use of the machinery of daily life, the kingdom could be seen coming. The enlargement of the world, or of man's intercourse in the world, of course all the time made the world smaller. The telegraphs, the journeys back and forth to old homes, the enlargement of means of life and love, as the old war establishments were put down and the old taxes forgotten,— all these things brought Irkutsk and North Colchester very near each other; and it no longer seemed strange to find Harry's portrait in a sledge, as you drove across the Baika..

Indeed, I believe that any true history of those years would show that the greatest difficulties were not among these distant people. For the

first time in history, we began to get interesting letters from the outposts. You see, these people not looking in, but looking out, did not have to tell us much of their own headaches or heart-aches or belly-aches, but were able to devote all their pen, ink, and paper, to the things that they saw, which we at home wanted them to describe. They dealt largely with simple people, and it sometimes seemed as if their accounts were of a "nation in a day," as the hymn says; though really they caught all their converts with the nook, and not in a net. It was not on the out-skirts that the last difficulties were found. But as every man finds that the hardest knots he has to chop through are those which have been waiting in his own wood-shed while easier work was done, so it proved now, that the very hardest jobs of all were in some of the home stations, in breaking up hard-pan which we had been for generations trampling down.

Just one story of such difficulty, and the whole history of victory may be brought to an end.

It was in the spring of the last of those three years. Every thing seemed happy, smooth, con-

tented, vigorous, and wise. Those of us who were in the movement—and who indeed was not?—could not find man, woman, or talking child, this land through, who was not somehow or other showing practical sympathy with us. I think it was rather as a jollification, than to point out any new line of work, that the "Reformed Association of Covenanters of the New Lanark Platform" held their great decennial convention at Sherman City. This, you know, was one of the most important ecclesiastical gatherings that we could have in this country. The newspapers had so little else to tell that they all had reporters there. Seven hundred clergy and fourteen hundred lay delegates were in attendance. The meeting was held in a Rink, with temporary seats, so that every thing seemed to promise a happy time. Never did a more plucky manly set of fellows bear cross on their shoulders than the men I knew who were in that convention. By way of doing honor to age and experience and learning, old Dr. Philpotts had been appointed president, and he was to preach the opening sermon.

Imagine, then, the haggard dismay of all

parties — press, town, delegates, everybody, — when the old gentleman gave out his text, "And what concord hath Christ with Belial?" (2 Cor. v. 15), and proceeded, in the most systematic way, to "pitch in" to the four Detroit mottoes! First, he should show that it was impossible for a regenerate man to look up, and that his duty was to look down. "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" (Acts i. 11.) Second, he should show that every regenerate man must look backward rather than forward. "Remember the days of darkness." (Eccl. xi. 8.) Third, he should show that every regenerate man must commune first with his own soul. "While I was musing, the fire burned." (Ps. xxxix. 3.) Fourth, and lastly, that all the dangers at which he had hinted were slight indeed compared with that Covenant of Works, in which men were tempted to suppose that they could advance or hinder the Creator's plans. "A fox shall break down their stone wall." (Nehemiah iv. 3.) If you live to 1885, you will perhaps fall in with this celebrated sermon in print. I spare you the detail, therefore. About the close there was no "if."

"You have observed, my friends, that I have

considered the fittest subject of our meditations on this occasion to be a series of fascinating errors, which have led astray a few giddy young men, in the thought or hope that they had found out a better gospel! Let us all hope that these straws of human harvesting may be blown away even as chaff by the wind of the Infinite Spirit. For myself, as the representative of this august assembly, — though these were to be my last words, — looking round upon the sacrilegious mottoes which deform and deface the Hall in which we are assembled, I declare that I will never accept them as principles of conduct — never, never, never!" And with this outburst he sat down.

In fact, when Vittermayer had painted the Rink in real fresco, he had wrought in the four mottoes on the four walls. By this time they were so universal that you saw them everywhere.

People were aghast! There was not a human being in the assembly, except the good old Doctor, who was not up to his eyes in the determination that this world should be made a world of Faith, Hope, and Love. So indeed was he

But he had found it necessary to make his individual and loyal protest against the way things were going on, because they were rather different from the way he supposed they went on in the Covenanters' time. There was a horrid hush for a moment, and then Wilderspin stepped forward and gave out, —

"Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,"

to be sung by the congregation. They sung it with a will, and blew off steam a little so. Wilderspin invoked a benediction, and they went sadly home.

Then began synods, and committees, and every sort of mutual conference, to make the old Doctor back down. "Think how it will sound among those nice Bamangwato people," said my Pauline; and everybody had some like feeling. But the old man was flint. They got him, at last, to say in a letter, that, in a modified sense, a Christian might look up to God without stepping off the platform of the Reformed Covenanters, which was the great object with him, — then that he might forget himself, without dangerous sin, — and that he even ought to look forward to a happier future; but, as to "lending

a hand," never! cried the old man. "It is a Covenant of Works, and union with the Devil."

So sadly came the October in which we had hoped so much. All the other secretaries reported a world subdued by Love. In all the other continents men had found some way to express this Love, and the Faith and Hope which were intertwined with it. All princes and all people were hoping and praying that, as October passed away, one joyful signal the world over might show that the horrors of old history were sealed in one tomb, and that in one unanimous heart-beat a world of self-forgetting men would begin to live as one hearty family of God! But here was one man, who with the noblest motive cried out, "Never, never, never!" Whatever else might happen, he would never say he would "lend a hand."

The thirty-first day of October dawned. I will confess that it was a sad day. Newman wrote me that to him it was a bitter morning. He had been all the evening before discussing the Monophysite heresy with Dr. Philpotts. "I had forgotten the hated names for years," wrote poor Newman; and so he had led round to the

beauty of Unity among Brethren, to which the old man had assented sweetly; and then Newman had asked, timidly, if, with a change of the language, he could not bring his heart to agree to "do good as he had opportunity"? "Covenant of Works!" said the old Trojan; "Never, never, never!" So Newman went home, and so waked sadly. A sad breakfast. None of them could get to work. And Newman wrote me that he thanked God even when he heard the fire-alarm strike, because it was an excuse for him to leave his study.

But when he came to the district, he bitterly rued that selfish thought. The fire was a sudden and bad one. It was already checked below, but smoke was pouring up and out of the attic windows of the warehouse or factory where it had been burning. It proved to be a factory of paper-boxes, and the pasting women in the attics had been stifling from the smoke. They lay out on the steep roof, with their feet stayed in the gutters, when Newman came there. George Davis and Lawrence Flaherty were moving heaven and earth to bring their ladders to the eaves, — and did so; but no man could stand

the smoke, as he ran up, — far less did those poor girls dare to risk it, coming down. Newman told me he saw five fellows in succession dash up Flaherty's ladder, waver, and lose their heads, and drop senseless into the arms of the crowd below. At last flames began to break out of the fourth-story window, and to lap and lick up the outside of the building. Three minutes, and the whole would be over, — when a tall-man, in his shirt-sleeves, ran boldly down the slope of the roof of the church next the factory; by an easy spring jumped across the five-feet chasm between the buildings, walked like a cat to the dormer behind which these five girls were crouching; and then could be seen leading them, lifting them, encouraging; and then actually carrying one along the giddy gutter-edge, till he had led them all to the more sheltered side upon which he had sprung. Davis had caught the idea already; and, by the time that last faint child was on that side, Davis himself was at his ladder's top to take her. One, two, three, — all five passed down, — and then Shirt-sleeves, as the crowd called him, sprang back across the gulf to the church-roof; and running up

the slates to the tower, slipped in, and disappeared. The whole throng was cheering and yelling. The girls were taken, I know not how, — and tended, I know not by whom. Everybody but Davis and Flaherty seemed to forget the fire; and Newman found himself (as I suppose every one did) asking who Shirt-sleeves was, and where he had gone. The general impression was, seeing he had come down from the steeple, that he was an angel in shirt-sleeves. Talk grew loud at the church-door, which proved to be locked. At last the fussy, lazy sexton appeared on the steps, trying, by his air, to make people think that he was virtually the hero of the occasion, though he had not happened to do that particular deed. "Hannay," cried Newman, "is that you? who was the man, — where is he?"

"Locked up in his study," said Hannay; "sees no one till office-hour."

"Study?" cried Newman. "Who do you say it is?"

"Why, don't *you* know?" says Hannay. "Guess you don't see him in his shirt-sleeves as often as I do. He saws all the wood for the furnace fires. Why, it is the old Doctor!"

Newman turned to the crowd, waved his hand, and cried, "Three times three for Dr. Philpotts!" And did they not cheer v ell?

Yes: the stanch old theologian, who would have died before he would accept a "Covenant of Works," had risked his life, without one anxious thought, for those five girls. "A trick I learned when I was unregenerate," he said afterwards. "I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and had some duties to discharge in taking the tongue out from the chapel bell."

And the Sherman City papers stopped the press, and put in EXTRAS, to announce "Gallantry of Dr. Philpotts!" "Dr. Philpotts *lends a hand!*" And the local secretary telegraphed to the Middle States Secretary, and he telegraphed to the Central Union Secretary, and he telegraphed to Dalrymple,—

"Dr. Philpo ts has lent a hand!"

And this was all anybody was waiting for. And before noon of that day, the Brothers in Unity at Fort Grant were firing a salute from the two cannon left for that purpose; so that when the Doctor's study was open at his office-hour, he and all men knew that the whole world

was One. The old gentleman was overwhelmed with visitors. He received their congratulations and thanks cordially; but he said, "I have not acceded, and I never will accede, to a Covenant of Works."

That day the whole world held festival. All schools were dismissed, all banks and workshops and factories closed, — all "unnecessary labor suspended," — as the great salutes and the great chimes came booming out, which announced the agreement of a world of self-forgetting men. That day do I say? Every day from that day was festival, century after century. So soon as the world once learned the infinite blessing of Active Love, and stayed it by Faith, and enjoyed it in Hope, there was no danger that the world should unlearn that lesson.

That lesson — if this vision of a possibility prove true — comes to the world by no change of law, by no new revelation, nor other gospel than the world has now. It comes simply as men after man, and woman after woman, lead such unselfish lives as all of us see sometimes,

as all would be glad to live, as dear Harry Wadsworth led while his short life went on.

Nine triads of years were enough each to add a zero to the figure which stood for that one man.

Ten times one was ten, $10 \times 1 = 10$. There was one zero.

But as the nine zeroes were added, in twenty-seven years the **1.** became 1,000,000,000—**ONE THOUSAND MILLION.**

This proved to be the number of the Happy World!

SECOND PART.

HARRY WADSWORTH AND WADSWORTH CLUBS.

HARRY WADSWORTH AND WADSWORTH CLUBS.

HARRY WADSWORTH, of whom some anecdotes are told in the first part of this book, is described in a faithful effort to represent, to those who did not know him, FREDERIC WILLIAM GREENLEAF, who died at an early age, but after he had attracted to himself a circle of real friends, much larger than is described here around Harry Wadsworth.

Frederic William Greenleaf was born in Williamsburg, in Maine. He died in Boston, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-one he left Williamsburg for Bangor; and I think he once told me that he served as a fireman on the first locomotive that ran from Bangor to Old Town. But he took such work as this, only because he chose to do something rather than nothing. He was well educated, with an inherited gift

for engineering and the mathematics, which naturally brought him into connection with the newly created railroad interests of New England.[1] He was soon after engaged on the Boston & Worcester Railroad as a clerk in the freighting department. I remember he used to say, that with his own hands he switched off, upon the Western Railway at Worcester, the first car of freight which passed westward upon it, — one four-wheeled car, which was the precursor of the countless miles of freight-trains which now pass over that highway. When I first knew him, he was at the head of the freight department in Worcester.

He passed through different lines of promotion, and before he died had held important positions in the service of different railway lines in the United States. His constitution was delicate; and he died in consumption, in the year 1851, when he was but little more than thirty years of age.

Careless people speak as if such a life were

[1] His father was Moses Greenleaf, the geographer of Maine. His uncle was Professor Simon Greenleaf, of the Dane Law School of Harvard University. He had Huguenot blood, and was glad of it.

ent off untimely, and as if its work were ended. Because I loved him, I could not but see that his power over those who loved him did not die. In different places, from different people, I heard him spoken of almost as a present friend might be spoken of; and what he said or what he advised was still held as a central and important direction. Now it was a doctor of divinity; now it was the laborer in an iron-mine; now it was the mayor of a city explaining to me his administration; now it was a sensitive friend whom Frederic Greenleaf had saved from agonies of morbid introspection, — who cited to me this young master of a freight-house, no longer living in this mortal life, as one of the authorities to be most respected. His body was buried; but in parts of the land, widely parted from each other, he was still a guide, and a helpful guide, in men's and women's lives.

He was born May 21, 1820; he died July 28, 1850.

The book in the hands of the reader grew from the power of his life, some twenty years after his death. It happened that in preaching in the South Congregational Church, I made

reference to his life, then finished for earth. I spoke of the traces I had found of him, in fond memories and in active duty, long after his death; and I asked the young people who heard me to estimate the growth of such power. If ten people who loved him, carried such a stimulus as he gave, each to ten others, and if they did the same, the world would grow brighter. I said: —

"I once told Dr. Wayland, the President of Brown University, the story I have told you. I told him that I could easily write out the spiritual biography of eight or ten persons who would tell us, in their different lines of life, of the infinite blessing they had derived from their intercourse with that manly, cheerful, energetic, and faithful man. I told him that I had been tempted to go farther, and to imagine the after progress which might come, if each of those ten went and did likewise, — if then, at some meeting of their friends, the whole circle of grateful companions, quickened and enlivened through the spiritual interest of such a life, should make themselves into a Christian order, bound every one of them, every one of the hundreds, to enlist

ten others in the Life Divine. I told him that here was the plan for a Christian Romance: the thousand thus quickened, in their turn, would be shown to give new life to ten thousand, and so to a million. And it would not, in such multiplication, require many years to lift this whole world from the material grovelling of its infancy, to the true spiritual life of men who walk with God."

This reference to Frederic Greenleaf arrested the attention of a young gentleman, then and now a near and dear friend of mine. From time to time he urged me to carry out the plan of writing out the parable in which this principle of diffusion by tens should be thus illustrated.

In the end of the year 1869 I attempted this; and the first part of this book was then published in six consecutive numbers in the magazine called "Old and New." As the four mottoes introduced into it — as the statement, in nineteenth-century language, of the three words, Faith, Hope, and Love — have now become the mottoes of a large number of clubs, which have taken Harry Wadsworth's name,

the members of those clubs may be interested to see the earliest use of those mottoes.

In the same winter in which I was writing this story, I was delivering, at the Lowell Institute in Boston, a course of lectures on the "Divine Order of Human Life." Of these lectures the eighth, ninth, and tenth were, Faith, Hope, and Love, and in the lecture on Hope, which has more than one reference to Frederic Greenleaf, intelligible to me though to no one else, — references to his single and simple habit of speaking here as a being living in eternity, — I used for the first time these words which have now become the mottoes of the Wadsworth Clubs.

There were ten of us much at work together in that winter. We were publishing a new magazine, with much hope and with much hard work. We were allied in the work of a large church, which had, I need not say, large relations among the poor. We have since come to call ourselves one Ten in the Wadsworth system. Central among the Ten was CAROLINE LETITIA TALLANT, who has since died.

A little story which I wrote after her death, with some of the memories of her life, belongs here.

NEITHER SCRIP NOR MONEY.

CHAPTER I.

GIVING A DAY.

I MEAN to call her Irene, because Irene means Peace.

You might call her Letitia, because Letitia means Joy.

Or you might call her Caroline, because Caroline means some one who is not very large but is very dear.

Or you might call her Speranza, because that means Hope. Or Charis; Charis is a pretty name, and means Divine Love.

But I shall call her Irene, because that means Peace.

She had arranged for all her Christmas presents. Some of them she had arranged last

summer when she was away, — off in the edge of the mountains. She was not apt to be flurried or worried; and so, when St. Victoria's Day closed, all her regular Christmas presents were bought or made, and put up in silver paper and labelled. "Silver paper," dear Fanchon, is the old-fashioned name for tissue paper. Irene liked to make her presents with her own hands. "When I have manufactured my present," said she, "I feel as if I gave a piece of myself to my friend."

St. Victoria's Day, as you did not know, Dick, is the second day before Christmas. I am glad you did not interrupt. If you do not interrupt, all will be made clear in time.

So the last day before Christmas broke bright on Irene, and it was a holiday at the school she kept, so that she need not go there; and while all the rest of us were hurrying round madly in a wild frenzy, — losing our lists of presents, and buying by mistake three for grandmother and none for grandfather, — she was at peace at breakfast, and at peace after breakfast to write a very jolly Christmas letter to Amelia, and at peace when Walter and Fergus and Mat-

thew and Lothian fitted off for their skating-party. She saw they had their mittens and their scarfs, and stood on the piazza, as they went off, and looked out on the faultlessly clear sky.

"I mean to give the day to somebody for a Christmas present," said Irene to herself. "I do not know who it will be to; but let us see what will come of it." So she dressed herself for walking, and started. As she arrayed herself, she put her blunt scissors in her pocket; and when she started she took a roll of paper. She put street-car tickets in her pocket, but never scrip nor purse did she take; and as for staves, she had not even one. She was not going to give money from the purse, — no, nor food from the scrip. "It is the day I will give," said she, — aloud this time, — "or what there is left of it." And she put down the latch, left the house empty, and started.

If the people wished to ring that door-bell that day, why, they might ring, — that was all! There was nobody it would hurt, within. But I think some people like to ring door-bells for the love of it. So they were happy that day.

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Now you must know that Irene was a person around whom romances were as sure to gather as ever they did around Amadis of Gaul, or Darioleta, or Blanchefleur, or Huon of Bourdeaux. She never sat in a street-car, but the woman next her told her her whole story; and she could not give a tramp a cup of coffee, but he told her such a tragedy, or comedy, of the earlier adventures of his life, as would make five good acts on any stage in the world. Accordingly, so soon as the car was well under way, and she had taken her first look at its picture-gallery, — as soon as she had compared the face of the hatchet-faced man against the vinegar-faced woman's, the moon-faced girl's against the spoony boy's, — Mrs. McGoffin, who, as was pre-ordained, sat next to Irene, moved up to her, and said, in one breath: —

"Lady did ye chance to know any one who wanted to hire a good square room three-story front with open fireplace 'n though I say it who should not there 's not a nicer 'n a neater 'n a sweeter room in the South Cove. It 's number ninety-nine Needy Street, lady."

Irene was interested at once, liked Mrs.

McGoffin's way; was not sorry to have the chance of getting round the department of Wants in the newspaper, where much of her charity-money went; and felt that this was indeed a "more excellent way," if it had only happened that Mrs. McGoffin had addressed a person needing a room, by the intervention of some helpful demiurge. Rapidly in her mind Irene ran over the list of her most needy protected ones, for Irene was the lady-protector of what the ungodly would call a ragged regiment; but there was no one of that host whom even her kindness would remove to Mrs. McGoffin's third-floor front. All she could do was to take out her tablets and make sure of No. 99 Oneida Street. She had learned this invaluable lesson from Mr. Woodward, the champion carer for poor people: to write down all you can learn of everybody, from the Pope on his throne down to Smoky Pipe in his wigwam, and index carefully if you ever mean to serve them. How many chances in life are lost because people have forgotten, or have not indexed well!

So she said to Mrs. McGoffin that she must

keep up a good heart, that perhaps something would open; and Mrs. McGoffin returned by giving her her blessing, such as it was; and then Irene stopped the car, and found herself in Concord Street. By this time she was quite resolved to take a companion. "Two by two is the rule," she said, "and I was wrong to think of breaking it." To tell the truth, she was mortal, and she had felt within herself that there would be many comforts in being alone; but Mrs. McGoffin, or I know not what, had put her on another mood than that of lonely comfort, and so she turned into Dunrobin Court, and rang at the attic-room bell in No. 7; and Rudolf himself came down to answer the bell. And his great heavy face beamed when he saw Irene. And she spoke to him rather slowly, and asked him if he did not want to take a walk with her.

Take a walk with her! If an angel from heaven had asked him to take a fly, he would not have been so happy. He might have been mortally afraid of an angel, or of flying, — I am afraid I should be, — but he knew he could walk, and he was not afraid of Irene. I never

heard of anybody who was, unless it were a detected tramp, who had appropriated the colour for sugar at a grocer's shop, and had not reported to shovel the snow from the sidewalks, as he had said he would. Common people, middling sort of people, like you and me, were never afraid of Ivan. "Could he go to mill?" That he could. His father was at home, because the election was over, and so all the men in the steam department were dismissed, their votes not being needed till next November. So his father could do, and see that his grandmother got out safe into the fire, and Rudolf was free to go and mill with the angel. His lady lime he quick, and he was quick; and they went now directly to the City Hospital.

The boy followed, now broken English, and now very fluent German; now Irish spoke, now in very broken German, and then in very careful English. He had a deal to tell her about his grandmother and his father, and a Christmas letter that had come from Mankowski, here in Boston. Some people think Rudolf is underwitted; I believe they thought so at

school, where he was kept, a great big lout, in the highest class of the primary, with little chits half his size. I don't think so: I think his heart is a good deal bigger even than his great big head, and that he is of very slow development. That is a kind which the primary school does not like, but I believe the Good Father and all good angels like them as much as any. So he chattered away; and Irene made herself as young as he, and chattered too. And so they came to the porter's lodge of the hospital.

I do not know if it was visitors' day. It made no difference, they all knew Irene; and she smiled pleasantly, and nodded, and passed right through, just as if she were a doctor. And so she led the wondering Rudolf, now along the curved path between the winter-girt shrubs, then up the splendid steps, then left and then right, and then straight and then crooked, and then up two flights, till they came to the children's ward on the surgical side. Irene had hit on these children first, as those to whom she would give her Christmas present of that day.

And the nurses were glad to see her. And up came, on the instant, a little tot, — oh, not six years old! with one arm tied to her side, not very well balanced as she walked, — and took her right hand from her mouth to give it to Irene, and was in her lap as soon as Irene was seated on the bed. Here was one old friend. "And who else is here?" asked Irene. And so Bridget had to point out, rather dumbly, the boy in bed, with both feet crushed; the little girl who had fallen down the cellar-stairs, and had broken her leg; the little boy whose face had been cut open by a brickbat; and the girl whose apron had taken fire, and whose arms were burned so badly. And of course there was John, — John was always there.

"Well," said Irene, "I think I must make the boys some horses and dogs; and I will make you a pig and a goat; and you must show this little girl how to cut out boys and girls. I think Miss Anderson will lend us some more scissors. And, Rudolf, suppose you read them Cinderella; for here is Cinderella in my pocket."

And so it was. They took station at the

foot of the beds of the two who could not walk. They put rests under their backs, so that they could use their hands, and Miss Anderson provided chairs for all who could sit; and three pairs of scissors appeared for all who could cut, and a bed-table appeared on each bed; and then whole armies of blue horses and red horses, yellow cows and green cows, purple boys and orange girls, white, gray, and black goats and cats and pigs, began marching to and fro on the tables at the soft or stronger breath of the delighted children. And Rudolf, in a higher chair, read, and read very well, of mice changed into horses, and lizards into footmen. If anybody knew or cared what lizards were, or what footmen were! Nobody knew, nobody cared, and nobody asked; and none the less cheerily did the reading go on. And for an hour these five children, who had been restless and tired and blue all the morning, were happier than kings, all because Irene had come in. And, though Irene went away then, they were very jolly all the afternoon. For Irene lent Bridget her scissors, and she left all those sheets of colored paper; and

she told Rudolf that he might leave the book with the tall boy on crutches who had condescended to hobble down to the gathering. So the children had Bluebeard and Aladdin and the rest, and made armies of four-legged people and two-legged people, and people of many legs, before the day was done.

Why Irene went away so soon was this: There came up stairs, from one of the lower wards, a man who looked pale through all the olive of his face, with coarse Indian hair, rather under-sized, but still with a firm military walk, which you would notice even in our nation of soldiers. He, too, had had a broken arm, but to-day he was discharged as cured.

The man was a Russian. His accident had befallen him on shipboard; he had been brought direct to the hospital, and he knew never a man nor a place in the town. Poor fellow! he could n't speak ten words of English. The doctors had spoken to him in German, in which he could just make himself understood; and now he had come up to Miss Anderson, because she could speak a little German, to know where, in the great forlornity of a strange city,

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he should pack himself away. Of course Miss Anderson beckoned to Irene; people always beckoned to Irene when things were limping. Her German was no better than the Tartar's. And I have always observed that in speaking a language two halves do not make one whole. But, among them, they understood that the man wanted to know where he was to live cheaply and simply till he found his place. God knew what that place was to be, but certainly nobody else did. This was Irene's thought. And then, in all that followed, about his chest, and his wages, and the captain, and the ship, and the consul and the vice-consul, Irene's German and Miss Anderson's German, born of Goethe and bred by Schiller, broke wholly down; for there is nothing about seamen's chests in Wallenstein, and nothing about vice-consuls in the Morphologie.

Then it was that Rudolf came to the front. Now it appeared for what purpose in this world he was foreordained. The Russian made him understand, and he made Irene understand; and so they bade the children good-by. And Irene, who from the first had determined that

Mrs. McGoffin's spare room was foreordained for the Russian, was under way again with him and with Rudolf, for No. 99 "Needy" Street. By this time Rudolf was chattering with the Northern bear, and Irene had her thoughts for her companions, after they had crossed to Shawmut Avenue and had taken seats in the car. This time the portrait gallery was hung with quite another set of faces. There was a tender foreign-faced woman in a seal-skin sack, talking eagerly to Mr. Brooks Phillips. Of course everybody in Boston knew him. On the other side another lady sometimes interrupted and sometimes suggested. "Perhaps they are going to a Christmas-tree," said Irene to herself, "and perhaps again they are going to the celebration of Adam and Eve to-day." For be it known to you, Dick, who are so rusty in your calendar, that the day before Christmas is Adam and Eve's Day. Beyond them, stringing along upon the seat, were five Roxbury Latin School-boys, as the legends on their caps made sure. Their knees were piled with baskets and white-paper parcels. It was clear enough where they were going. Dover Street disturbed the

party a little, and some people going to the Asylum disturbed it more. And when Irene herself rose with her party at Castle Street, she saw in the straw, for the first time, a dainty pink package which she had last seen in the lap of one of Mr. Phillips's friends. That lady had left already. Irene considered a moment. "No," said she to herself, "I will not give it to the conductor; that will be too late for Christmas. I can find her somehow in time." So she stopped at Mr. Prescott's, and left a wood-order with him, and then they came back to Oneida Street.

Feodor Ivanovitch was taken up to Mrs. McGoffin's. With due dumb show, with an oration in Russian by him, very loud and very slow, with an oration in Irish by her, very loud and very fast, by the payment in advance of a dollar and a quarter on his part, and due mediation on the part of Rudolf and Irene, a mutual unwritten covenant was made.

Then the Russian bear had to start upon his travels in search of the chest and the vice-consul, the shipmaster and the consul. Irene bade Rudolf take him in tow, wrote for them at the

corner store some necessary addresses, made Rudolf explain to the other that he must give him the money for car-tickets, and saw them well away. "Two by two," she said, "that is the rule."

CHAPTER II.

LOST AND FOUND.

"TWO by two," she said aloud, as the car swept away with them, "that is the rule." Nor did she hesitate this time, more than before, as to her companion. In very few minutes, quicker than you think possible, Araminta, Jeannie Fraser was invited, had accepted, had girt herself in her best, and was on the sidewalk with Irene. She was a nice, blooming Scotch lassie of fourteen, glad indeed of the emancipation which Irene's genius had organized and made possible for her. And she had a thousand questions to ask and a thousand to answer, as they worked their way across the Common and Public Garden, to find the Hotel Bonheur, and Mr. Brooks Phillips.

Irene knew by this time what a responsibility she had taken in keeping the pink parcel. For, if Mr. Phillips had not gone directly home, she could not find out where the owner lived. Then, where was all her fine theory that she should be more prompt than the conductor? But Irene was not afraid. "Fortune favors the brave," she said to Jeannie, to whom she expounded the object of this expedition.

Another terror, deep in Irene's heart, she did not even lisp to Jeannie. How if Mr. Phillips, talking so pleasantly to the right and left, did not know who either of the seal-skin-coat ladies were? How if they had presumed on the certain memory of a great public man, and had given him no chance to say to either, "Madam, I do not know you from Celestina or from Boadicea?" Then where would her pink parcel go? This terror she did not lisp of. She only said aloud, "Fortune favors the brave."

And Fortune did favor her. Mr. Phillips was at home, and was all interested. He knew both the ladies, and knew that both of them were going home. They had all three been together at the Annual Meeting of the Society for Pro-

viding Occupation for the Higher Classes. He did not know which lady had the pink parcel; but in a minute he wrote down both addresses, and Irene and Jeannie could start on their winding way. But in that minute he had taken her measure as one of the people worth knowing in the world; and she had had the vigor and comfort that there always is when one strong and sensible person talks for sixty seconds with another.

So she walked quickly up the Beacon Street Mall, climbed the steps, sent in her card to Mrs. Donne, and was instantly ushered in, — Jeannie timidly following, because she did not know where she should stay, — into one of those grand, large, old-fashioned parlors, which look out on the Common, and, when there was a Back Bay, looked across to the Blue Hills. The Bay is gone, but the Blue Hills remain; and just in the sunlight of that lovely afternoon the cheerful view of winter made one forget that winter could ever seem dreary.

On a long lounging-chair, in the great, cheerful bow-front, lay a pale, tall man, with the "Rundschau" in his hand. Irene noticed it,

in the moment while Mrs. Donne stepped forward to greet her. She told her errand in the next moment, though she knew, before she spoke, that the parcel was not Mrs. Donne's. She was not the one; and so that lady said. It must have been Mrs. Herbert's parcel, though Mrs. Donne had not noticed it in her hand.

"She is not far away," said Irene cheerfully. "I hope you do not think this is very foolish in me, but I should hate to have one of my Christmas presents miscarry."

"Foolish?" said the other. "I was thinking,"—and she blushed peony, and struggled with her own audacity,—"I was thinking that the mysterious present will have a double value now, because two kind people have a share in it."

How had she ever said it! She had never said so bold a thing since she was a courageous schoolgirl, and had told Mr. Torrey, to his face, that she thought he had scanned a line wrong.

For Mrs. Donne was a pure Bostoneer of sixteen quarterings. They say no one is so proud; which is probably true. It is also true,

when the blood is purple and genuine, and the woman conscientious and living in the higher life, that nobody is so shy. And that she, Elizabeth Donne, should have made such a speech to a perfect stranger, was to herself one of the miracles of the nineteenth century, though she was glad she had made it. This was the reason why she had blushed peony.

After she had once made it, the ice-floe between these two women was broken forever, and ground into the smallest kind of ice-dust; and the dust was all swept away by the great current of God's love, into the infinite ocean. And so, from that moment to this moment, these two great-eyed women have looked into the depths of each other's souls, and have known each other and loved each other through and through, and will forever.

For just as Irene was blushing too, and saying good-by, Elizabeth Donne, wild with her new courage, and rushing blindly forward to conquer other worlds, said: "Please wait one minute! Tell me, were you not speaking German to that sick man beside you in the car? Was he a German?"

Irene explained that she was only helping, as she could, in the German; but that the man was a Russian.

"Russian!" with a quick, sharp tone that made even Irene start, though she was not used to starting: "Did you say Russian, madam?"

It was the pale man on the lounge, who had before lain quiet and all-but unobserved. Irene explained in an instant who the Russian was, and told why she had him for a moment under her convoy.

"Then you know where he is now?"

Yes, she knew, or knew where she had left him. She had sent him, with the boy Mrs. Donne saw, on the errands he had to do, and he would be at his new home as soon as these were ended.

"Did he seem a — well, could he read, or was he a common sailor?"

"I could not guess," Irene said, "what he was. He could read, for he could write; and I noticed that his handwriting was manly and firm. The letters he showed me were a gentleman's letters. They were neat, and neatly kept. They were evidently written by some

one whose English *handschrift*," and she laughed, "was as bad as my German is; but I thought no worse of them for that."

"I was wondering," said the sick man almost eagerly, "if he could read Russian into German, or into Swedish even." He said this with a sort of wistful expression, which only an invalid can use or understand.

"Swedish," said Irene, "perhaps Swedish. His German — well, his German is as bad as mine."

"You see," said poor Mr. Donne, rousing up with a little of an invalid's feeling that he is the only important person in the world, "these people at Hamburg, Perthes's people you know, have sent me out this collection of Philarete's Sermons, and they have sent these new poems by Glinka; and here they have sent these new novels of Senkoffski's, and there is a story of Dahl's, all in Russian, of which I cannot even read the characters. Of course, you know I can send them all back; I suppose, indeed, I ought to. I suppose they meant to send them to somebody else, somebody who knew something, but one hates to lose a good chance. You

know, well, they seem to be thrown in my way. And if there is anything good to read in the world, or anything new, and an express-man actually brings it into your house, and you have really cut the cord, and have the book in your hand, why you know, madam, that it seems wicked to send it back again."

Anything good to read, and anything new! And this was what this man said who had all those fascinating piles of French and German books at his side, which to Irene's eye had seemed piled up like the gateway of the Happy Land.

"At the least we can try," said Irene, while she thought what I have written in these six lines. And at first she thought she would send Jeannie back to 99 "Needy" Street; but then she remembered that the joy of inviting and sending would be, in itself, so much comfort to the poor sick man; and so she only gave him the address of Feodor Ivanovitch at Mrs. McGoffin's, 99 Oneida Street. He took it really cheerily, and read it with a smile, to say: "Feodor Ivanovitch! that is like a novel already. Did you ever read Ivan Ivanovich? No, of course you are too young."

Irene did not say that she had read Homer and the Book of Job, but bade good-by now, and took Jeannie away.

How bright Beacon Street seemed to her, and how she and Jeannie beamed upon the babies in the carriages! She asked Jeannie if she ever saw, in Aberdeen, a perambulator that folded up. And Jeannie had seen one, and explained it to her. And Irene met ever so many of her friends. And one tall girl, whom she hardly knew, stopped her, and asked some question; and Irene wondered why she stopped her to ask her something of no consequence at all. I can tell you why the girl stopped her; she wanted to see just that look of peace and of joy and energy all fused together. She wanted to go up the hill, baptized again and made alive in that holy spirit. And Irene went down the hill chattering with Jeannie, but wondering why the tall girl stopped her.

"Is Mrs. Herbert in?"

No, Mrs. Herbert was not in. This was Irene's first disappointment of that day. She had just time to think that; for she had really wanted to see the tender, foreign face, broad

at the temples, you know, and with a low forehead, not looking in the very least like Pallas Minerva. She had wanted to see this again; but, if it was not to be so, why, it was not. So she simply left the pink parcel with a doubting servant-girl, who, even at Christmas, distrusted Greeks who did not come in carriages, even if they brought gifts, and left them. Even in pink paper the servant-girl thought that this was a preparation to clean silver, and would be called for again. So she doubted about taking it; but Irene, who understood all this without a word, left it none the less, and charged her to give it to Mrs. Herbert the moment she came in.

"Who shall I say called?" asked the girl, at last determining that this was not powder in disguise.

"No matter who. Come, Jeannie," to the Scotch girl, who was wondering before a print in the hall of John Knox abusing Queen Mary; and they stepped out again, to meet poor Mrs. Herbert, pale and wearied, but still so tender and so little like Pallas Minerva, stepping down from her own carriage.

Irene crossed the sidewalk. "It is Mrs. Herbert, I believe. I have just left at your house a little parcel which I saw in your hand in the street-car. You dropped it," she said hurriedly, when she saw Mrs. Herbert growing so pale and almost gasping as she turned round to her, "and after you had gone I found it."

"I believe you are an angel," said the other. "No, do not go away; just come in for one moment. Let me tell you how frightened I was, and what a loss it would have been." And she thundered again at the bell; as if any thunder would have startled from her dime-novel, before her time, the girl whose business it was to attend it, and who simply said, when she heard it first, "Imperdent critters! let 'em ring!"

At last, however, the last chapter of the novel was done, and the girl let her mistress and Irene in, both of them almost crying with excitement now, and Jeannie wondering, but forgotten, behind.

"Why, you see," said the intense, overstrung lady, "you see, my dear child, my brother sails on Monday. And when those people in the

railway-office said just now it would be two or three days, perhaps, before the conductor brought it in. Besides, I did not think I had it in the car. I remembered laying it down on the table where we had the meeting. But here it is, do let me show her to you. My dear, dear mother! You see," this as she pulled at the refractory string, "you see, the setting is all gold, and I knew, if I lost it in the street, — why, my own dear child, I might never have seen it again."

The string was off, and she showed to Irene a miniature picture, beautiful, very beautiful.

Irene looked at it long without speaking. Then she said, "It would be hard never to see that face again."

"And yet — do you know?" said Mrs. Herbert, "it is not half beautiful enough. This is just rest, you know, — yes, happy rest, satisfied rest. Oh, I have seen her look so a thousand times! But when she talked to people, talked to us children, you know, kept the whole town alive, why, her face nearly blazed with light. Of course you could not put that in a picture."

Then she made Irene sit down, and, perhaps with something of her mother's magnetism, held her there, as she talked of her mother, of this brother who was to sail the next week, of what they had been to each other, and how she should miss him; just as if Irene were not a stranger. Ah, me! was she ever a stranger to anybody?

"But, my dear child, you look pale. Come right here, come into the dining-room. My lunch is all ready, too. Sit right down here. Let me send for a glass of wine. I did not see that you were tired. I hope you are not as faint as I am, now this is all over."

And so she made Irene stay and lunch with her. She did not remember Jeannie, but Irene did. And Irene knew how happy Jeannie was, cruising round in that front reception-room where she had been left, and inventing for herself stories from the hundred pictures on the walls. Nay, Irene even amused herself by the contrast between Jeannie's life and Mrs. Herbert's. She had called Jeannie from washing up her "dinner-things," an hour ago; and here was Mrs. Herbert refreshing herself, that she

might await her dinner five hours hence. As for Irene, she was hungry and was faint, and was glad that Mrs. Herbert asked her to lunch. If it had not been for the pink-paper parcel, she would have stopped at the B. Y. M. C. U. coffee-room, and have eaten what Bridget used to call a "bully of beef," and Mr. Woodbury would have punched out the worth of it from her ticket.

And so these two women sat, and Mrs. Herbert poured out the whole story of her agony when she had discovered her loss; how she came to have the picture with her, she told that; why she had it in her hand as the safest way to carry it, she told that. Some sexes will understand this last, without explanation: to other sexes the safety of this method of preserving small valuables will be a marvel forever. And, when once more she had thanked Irene for coming, she said, so pleasantly: —

"I saw you too. I was wondering about you, and making a romance about you, all the time. Who your Tartar friend was, I wondered; and I heard the funny boy jabber German to him. It was mean, but I could not

help listening. It sounded so like dear Blankenheim."

"Why!" said Irene, interrupting. "He showed me a letter from Blankenheim only this very morning."

"Did he? Why, where is he? who is he? I must see him. Can you send him here, my dear Miss — Why, what is your name? I felt as if I had known you always, and now I do not know what your name is."

Irene laughed and told, and then the impetuous lady rushed on. She had none of the shyness of Mrs. Donne — not a bit of it!

"Why, I spent five — six — years of the best years of my girlhood in Blankenheim. Look here, and here, and here! These are pictures Horace made there. And here, — is not this pretty? There, I lived in that room; see, that window, just above the poplar, is my window."

And so they fell back to talk about Rudolf and the Russian; and Irene told of the coincidence about the Russian books and the pale gentleman at Mrs. Donne's.

"Did he rouse up so? Poor, dear fellow,

that is the best I have heard to-day. There he lies, you know, all worn out. It would be wicked to say *blasé*, for he is not one whit *blasé*, but it seems so. That beautiful house, you know, and that lovely wife, and those books, and all he knows, you know, for he knows everything, and yet every day so dark to him, and the outlook so gloomy."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Matter? What is the matter with any of us? Living forty times too fast. Just as bad for good people to do so as for bad people; just as bad for learned people like him, as for fools like me. 'Nervous exhaustion,' they call it,—'nervous depression.' Used up ten years of life in five, I say. And he did it just as much, you know, in all his mines and smelting-works and machines, and presiding at the Hospital, and building the Athenæum, and arranging about the Convalescent Home, just as much as if he had been the worst *roué* of them all. And then, that angel of a wife of his just sits by, and sends for doctors, and nurses him. And he thinks he shall die in a poor-house, and won't so much as buy himself a

shoe-string, and is all used up and wretched. Now you have given him one cheerful hour. Miss Mayhew, it is the best present that has been made to-day."

Then she fell to asking more about the Russian; and why Irene had said that Mr. Donne would do better with him in Swedish than in German. "He does not know much Swedish," said she, "though they did spend some time in Stockholm. I mean to send Ingeborg in there. You must see Ingeborg; she is so pretty." And then she rang, and made a message for Ingeborg to come in, and asked Ingeborg about the sewing. Ingeborg was a Swedish girl who was the seamstress. She stood a minute and made pretty answers in German, and then went away.

"The sweetest creature in the world," said her mistress; "reads everything I read, and much more. I made her read me 'The Children of the Lord's Supper' in the Swedish, just that I might hear the pretty words." And she repeated in the Swedish the closing lines.

So half an hour sped very pleasantly. And when Irene called Jeannie from her dream of

romance, and they walked across the Public Garden together, and Jeannie thanked her for taking her with her, and told her it was the best Christmas present she ever had, — why, it occurred to Irene, all at once, that, in starting to give the rest of the world a Christmas present, she had given one to herself as well.

Should she go down to No. 99 "Needy" Street, to see that there was no botch there? No, she would not go. They were not fools; they would take care of themselves. She would go home in the lovely winter afternoon, and write a letter to somebody to tell the adventures of the day.

Not that they seemed to her specially varied; all life was varied for her, and very full; but she did think that they ranged rather wider in their interest than was usual even in her adventures.

So, before she was tired, she was at her pretty Davenport, in her pretty room, looking out over the Valley Beautiful upon the Delectable Mountains, as the sun was setting cheerily on them, and lighting them up with the glories of amber and gold and fire.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER YEAR.

HOW quickly a year goes round!

And this year the snow had fallen as early as Thanksgiving. And on Adam and Eve's Day, in the morning, a little fresh fall had made every roadway look as if it were ready for a wedding. But the sky had cleared, and it was, oh, so blue! And Irene came out and stood on the top of the high steps, and looked across the Valley Beautiful to the Delectable Mountains.

She was in a seal-skin sack this time, and she wore a pretty Polish cap, all ready for a sleigh-ride; and as, with her deep brown eyes, she looked into the blue, you would have known that she was looking into heaven.

Just a minute she stood there, and then up drove a heavily-robed sleigh; and Horace Whittier, who drove the handsome horses, flung down the reins, sure that they would stand,

and ran up the steps, and caught her by both hands.

"I am ten minutes early!" cried he, "but you are earlier. Victory, victory! She waits on the steps for her impatient lover."

"Impudent boy!" said Irene, as he almost lifted her into the sleigh, "is there nothing in the world but you and your old horses? Would not anybody, with half a quarter of an eye, want to stand and see that snow on the evergreens, and my dear old Blue Hills white against the sky? And you suppose I was waiting for you?"

"Anyway," said he happily, as he tucked her in, "it is lucky I came early."

"I think you are apt to come early," said she, and they laughed happily as they started.

"Dear child," said Horace, "these bear-skins are the most false of shams. This thing we sit in is nothing but an express wagon. I made just room enough for your little feet; lucky they are so little. But for me, what with Noah's-arks and tin horses, and the Dutchman and his wife, and battledoors, — I am sure I put my heel through the battledoors, — and

the thermometer that I sat upon, and my poor sister's glass shade, which I am afraid I drove the whip-stock through, — for me, I should be very uncomfortable if you were not here. You do not think all these people would mind if I just melted the rime on my moustache by resting it for an instant on that velvet cheek of yours, — do you?"

"Horace, if you do not talk sense, I will beckon to that conductor, and go for my errands in the Paul Dudley. People ride in the Paul Dudley without having idiots talk to them."

"Sweetheart, the Paul Dudley shall be hung this day with camellias and orange-blossoms. It was in the Paul Dudley that you found the picture. If it had not been for the Paul Dudley and the picture, where should I have been this day?" and now he was very serious.

"Dear Horace," said she, "it was to be, and forty Paul Dudleys could not help it. Some things are written in heaven." So they talked, now of the gravest and now of the gayest; laughed sometimes, and all but cried sometimes, as he told some story of his adventurous life, — or she some story of hers, so quiet; but he said

that hers was more adventurous than his. They talked, they laughed, or they were even silent, in all the joy and certainty of happy love.

"How splendid your bear-skin cap is!" said she; "if it were only after dark when we came to Oneida Street, we might ask the policeman to show us the road to the roof of the houses, and you could go down the chimney with the Noah's-arks and things, while I held the pawing steeds on the ridge-pole. On the whole, I am rather glad the methods of civilization don't require us to ride on ridge-poles. I am sure I should be frightened. You mustn't stay too long, and I don't think I will get out. Just at noon we must be at the wedding; and there's the hospital and Jeannie's people beside."

"Never fear me about being late at weddings," said the impetuous Horace; "sometimes I think I can never wait till they come. But the longest lane turns at last."

"I tell you," said she, "that you are such a favorite with Mrs. McGoffin, that you will stand whispering soft nothings in her ear while I am freezing to death here; and at last I shall take mercy on the horses, and walk them ten or

twenty times up the street and down, and they will take fright in Harrison Avenue, and run five miles, and I shall lie over the back of the seat screaming, 'Horace, Horace!' and you will have no clew to follow by but a line of Noah's-arks and thermometers on the road; and a mounted policeman will come to the rescue, and will take me to a grausome church near Punkapog, and insist that I shall be his wife."

"Irene, I will kill that policeman! I shall arrive on my bicycle just in time; and when the minister says, 'Does any man know cause?' I shall say 'I *do*.' I shall shoot him with his own revolver; I shall take his place, and for once a wedding will come off earlier than it was expected. Never you fear Mrs. McGoffin's fascinations. I shall be down in twenty seconds, before the horses know that I have stopped."

Nor did he much exaggerate his own speed. He left the Noah's-arks and horses and guns and swords and cups and balls and the prayer-book and the tippet, for Mrs. McGoffin, Dennis McGoffin, and all the little McGoffins, and was down, as he said himself, "in no time." Then to Jeannie's friends, with the self-registering

thermometer and the Scott's Poems for the old people, and no end of parcels for the youngsters. Here, too, he left Irene's Christmas wishes, and told why Irene could not stay long that day.

At the hospital they both alighted together. Of course the children of a year ago were gone. But life is almost as finite at one Christmas-tide as at another: so there was no lack, alas, of broken arms and broken legs and burned hands among the little ones. This year there were no paper soldiers for them; but, by the time they said good-by, each child had on his bed-table a box of pewter soldiers, Prussian for the German girl, French for the French boy, red-coats for little Johnny Bull, and even Highlanders for the little Sawney. These, and two or three books for the bigger children, left the surgical ward happy.

"Thirteen minutes for the Weis children!" cried he, "and then there will be not a magnet nor a Noah's-ark in the shebang." Nor was there.

Then, as on the wings of the wind, he cut across to the little Swedish Emanuel Church; and here was Tom, waiting for the horses. And,

quite in time, Horace gravely led Irene up the right-hand aisle, and a very famous usher, with an enormous bridal favor, placed him and her in a pew among the bridegroom's friends.

"I told him to put us here," whispered he, "because I was so afraid the bride would have more on her side than poor Feodor. She is so pretty, you know."

"You must not talk in meeting. You must sit perfectly still."

Nor did he have to wait long before the bride's procession moved up one aisle; and the pretty Ingeborg, blushing under her orange-blossoms and her lace veil, met, face to face, the handsome, proud, olive-faced Feodor, who appeared, with his best men, at the head of his aisle; and then in the quaint, homely Swedish, and by that pretty form of service, dear, good Mr. Johanssen made them one.

Then, as is the sensible custom of the olden churches, all the friends met for a moment to sign the register. So in the vestry, while it was got ready, Mr. Donne and his wife, Mrs. Herbert, Horace, and Irene, as well as Mrs. McGoffin and Dennis, and Jeannie and her father

and mother, all stood together, making, indeed, near half of the witnesses.

"Thank you so for the Patriarch's Sermons," said Irene to Mr. Donne. "As soon as we are well on our journey, I shall make Horace read them aloud to me."

And Mr. Donne seemed like a different man from that poor, languid fellow we saw a year before, as he said eagerly:—

"You will find the Poems at your house. Roberts has sent the first volume from the binder's for a wedding present."

"I believe, Mr. Donne, you claim the making of this match," said Horace, as he approached them; "now I thought it was my blunder."

"Yours! how yours?"

"Why, because she was my sister's best bower, don't you see?"

"Your sister's fiddlestick! The Tartar, there, looks to me as if he thought he made it. For my part, I give Miss Mayhew the credit."

Meanwhile Mrs. Donne was hovering round Irene, and asking about the evening, and talking about her husband, and making her remember how ill he was, and making her wonder how well he seemed now.

"I believe, Irene, the day you came in and set him to work on other people, that day dates his recovery."

"He has sent me the volume of Philarete's Sermons; and I shall make Horace read them to me."

"You will find that easy enough. They are just such sermons as men like. They are the Patriarch's annual reviews of the social condition of Russia, you know. They are not a bit like what we call sermons."

"And the Poems?"

"Oh! the drollest, weirdest, most enticing, and most provoking things you ever saw. But, Irene, have you seen Rudolf? You will not know him in his ulster. He is at the door with the horses. Do you know Edward says that boy is a genius? But you found that out too."

Irene, in another minute, was kissing Ingeborg. Then she gave her hand to Feodor.

"It was a happy day, I assure you, for me, Miss Mayhew," said he, in that preternaturally accurate English which Russians speak when they speak any, "the day I met you in the

hospital." "And the day when my little Rudolf piloted you to Mr. Donne." "And the day when Ingeborg came in to help out his Swedish," said the proud bridegroom.

And here came Mr. Johanssen and his clerk, with the big book of the register.

And, after they had all signed, the minister bade the bride and bridegroom good-by, with a sort of benediction; and then with much hand-clapping, and gratulations in many languages, Mr. and Mrs. Ivanovitch withdrew, and he lifted her to the waiting carriage.

"Irene," said the impetuous Mrs. Herbert as they looked from the window, "I want you to notice that faultless polonaise of hers. Now you think Madame Pierrot made it, and well you may. But she did not. It is Ingeborg's own idea, to tell the truth; but every piece was cut, and every stitch taken, by your Jeannie Fraser. The girl is an artist."

"And so you will find her, Fanny. She will not run your Wheeler & Wilson long. Before you are five years older she will be in your billiard-room, using the upper light as she models her group of" —

"Come, Irene, come, Irene, you and Fanny must not philosophize forever. The Lady Irene's shebang stops the way, and Tom is dying to get out of it; I to get in. Good-by, good people, good-by." And so wedding number one ended.

CHAPTER LAST.

TWO BY TWO.

THE Church of Glad Tidings was dimly lighted that same evening. In festoons on the pulpit and the font, in lines marking the shape of the cross behind the pulpit, there was enough evergreen to show that this was Christmas time. On the communion-table itself was a heap of beautiful flowers, which covered the low vase whose waters kept them fresh. The font was overflowing too with white flowers; and so one knew that here were preparations for a festival. From the organ came heavenly, sympathizing, and peaceful harmonies. And, in the front pews, perhaps a hundred people waited

quietly, — among them everybody we met at Ingeborg's wedding, except Mr. Johanssen and his clerk, and two others. And many more were there, of whom it has not been necessary to advise this reader. The minister sat in his great high-backed chair, holding his book in his hand.

Quietly, and without any one's knowing the moment of their entrance except the minister, Horace and Irene came into the church together, and walked slowly up to the chancel. The church flashed light for their welcome. The minister stood up to greet them, and, as the strains of the organ died away, began the service: "We are gathered together," —

And as he looked upon her face, as their eyes met, it was as the face of an angel — love, courage, truth, and peace. And then he could look into Horace's face, and there was the happy, strong look of a brave man, — joy, courage, certainty, peace.

I suppose Irene's dress, which was a present from Mrs. Herbert, was like other people's wedding dresses. I sat rather back in the church; but I am sure it was not a claret-colored alpaca.

Indeed I know, from some notes before me — why should I conceal it from you, dear Fanchon and dear Dick? — I know that it was of a creamy-white brocade. You thought the veil was of Valenciennes? Yes! but in truth it was made on cushions, in Dunrobin Alley, by Rudolf Weis's own mother, who had been taught all that art in Belgium, before she was sixteen years old. That was her present to the bride. And the myrtle wreath the bride wore, with its lovely blossoms, was from myrtle, every spray of which Rudolf himself had grown in his own windows.

And this bouquet, which even Horace let her carry instead of an orthodox bouquet of orange-blossoms, — you see how pretty it is, though it is not all white, — it is made, every leaf of it, from the flowers the hospital children have been nursing in their own windows. The Maltese cross she wears is Edward Donne's present; and the bouquet-holder — all that curious open silver filigree-work — is the work of Feodor's own hands. There is Feodor, and there is Ingeborg with him, in the third pew on the bridegroom's side.

There is not a person in the church, from the

old minister forward, but would gladly die for Irene, though they would all rather live for her. There is not a person here but is perfectly happy, because she is perfectly happy,—or they hope she will be. Perfectly happy she is, or she thinks she is. Perfectly happy is he, or he thinks he is. But how little he knows or she knows yet what a life of perfect happiness is! How much better will they know even twelve months from to-day!

So the minister blessed them with all his heart. And the organ waked from its silence, and sounded forth the wedding-march; and Horace led her in triumph from the church, and we all followed:

"Two by two; that is the rule."

To illustrate another form of the willingness to Lend a Hand, I wrote STAND AND WAIT.

STAND AND WAIT:

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"THEY 'VE come! they 've come!"

This was the cry of little Herbert, as he ran in from the square stone which made the large doorstep of the house. Here he had been watching, a self-posted sentinel, for the moment when the carriage should turn the corner at the bottom of the hill.

"They 've come! they 've come!" echoed joyfully through the house; and the cry penetrated out into the extension, or L, where the grown members of the family were, in the kitchen, "getting tea" by some formulas more solemn than ordinary.

"Have they come?" cried Grace; and she set her skillet back to the quarter-deck, or after-part of the stove, lest its white contents should

burn while she was away. She threw a waiting handkerchief over her shoulders, and ran with the others to the front door, to wave something white, and to be in at the first welcome.

Young and old were gathered there in that hospitable open space, where the side road swept up to the barn on its way from the main road. The bigger boys of the home party had scattered half-way down the hill by this time. Even grandmamma had stepped down from the stone, and walked half-way to the roadway. Every one was waving something. Those who had no handkerchiefs had hats or towels to wave; and the more advanced boys began an undefined or irregular cheer.

But the carryall advanced slowly up the hill, with no answering handkerchief, and no bonneted head stretched out from the side. And, as it neared Sam and Andrew, their enthusiasm could be seen to droop, and George and Herbert stopped their cheers as it came up to them; and before it was near the house, on its grieved way up the hill, the bad news had come up before it, as bad news will, — "She has not come, after all."

It was Huldah Root, Grace's older sister, who had not come. John Root, their father, had himself driven down to the station to meet her; and Abner, her oldest brother, had gone with him. It was two years since she had been at home, and the whole family was on tiptoe to welcome her. Hence the unusual tea preparation; hence the sentinel on the doorstep; hence the general assembly in the yard; and, after all, she had not come! It was a wretched disappointment. Her mother had that heavy, silent look, which children take as the heaviest affliction of all, when they see it in their mothers' faces. John Root himself led the horse into the barn, as if he did not care now for anything which might happen in heaven above or in earth beneath. The boys were voluble in their rage: "It is too bad!" and, "Grandmamma, don't you think it is too bad?" and, "It is the meanest thing I ever heard of in all my life!" and, "Grace, why don't you say anything? Did you ever know anything so mean?" As for poor Grace herself, she was quite beyond saying anything. All the treasured words she had laid up to say to Huldah; all the doubts

and hopes and guesses, which were secret to all but God, but which were to be poured out in Huldah's ear as soon as they were alone, were coming up one by one, as if to choke her. She had waited so long for this blessed fortnight of sympathy, and now she had lost it. Grace could say nothing. And poor grandmamma, on whom fell the quieting of the boys, was at heart as wretched as any of them.

Somehow, something got itself put on the supper-table; and, when John Root and Abner came in from the barn, they all sat down to pretend to eat something. What a miserable contrast to the Christmas Eve party which had been expected!

The observance of Christmas is quite a novelty in the heart of New England among the lords of the manor. Winslow and Brewster, above Plymouth Rock, celebrated their first Christmas by making all hands work all day in the raising of their first house. It was in that way that a Christian empire was begun. They builded better than they knew. They and theirs, in that hard day's work, struck the keynote for New England for two centuries and a

half. And many and many a New Englander, still in middle life, remembers that in childhood, though nurtured in Christian homes, he could not have told, if he were asked, on what day of the year Christmas fell. But as New England, in the advance of the world, has come into the general life of the world, she has shown no inaptitude for the greater enjoyments of life; and, with the true catholicity of her great Congregational system, her people and her churches seize, one after another, all the noble traditions of the loftiest memories. And so in this matter we have in hand: it happened that the Roots, in their hillside home, had determined that they would celebrate Christmas, as never had Roots done before since Josiah Root landed at Salem from the Hercules, with other Kentish people, in 1635. Abner and Gershom had cut and trimmed a pretty fir-balsam from the edge of the Hotchkiss clearing, and it was now in the best parlor. Grace, with Mary Bickford, her firm ally and other self, had gilded nuts, and rubbed lady-apples, and strung popped corn; and the tree had been dressed in secret, the youngsters all locked and warned out from the

and hopes and guesses, which were secret to all but God, but which were to be poured out in Huldah's ear as soon as they were alone, were coming up one by one, as if to choke her. She had waited so long for this blessed fortnight of sympathy, and now she had lost it. Grace could say nothing. And poor grandmamma, on whom fell the quieting of the boys, was at heart as wretched as any of them.

Somehow, something got itself put on the supper-table; and, when John Root and Abner came in from the barn, they all sat down to pretend to eat something. What a miserable contrast to the Christmas Eve party which had been expected!

The observance of Christmas is quite a novelty in the heart of New England among the lords of the manor. Winslow and Brewster, above Plymouth Rock, celebrated their first Christmas by making all hands work all day in the raising of their first house. It was in that way that a Christian empire was begun. They builded better than they knew. They and theirs, in that hard day's work, struck the keynote for New England for two centuries and a

half. And many and many a New Englander, still in middle life, remembers that in childhood, though nurtured in Christian homes, he could not have told, if he were asked, on what day of the year Christmas fell. But as New England, in the advance of the world, has come into the general life of the world, she has shown no inaptitude for the greater enjoyments of life; and, with the true catholicity of her great Congregational system, her people and her churches seize, one after another, all the noble traditions of the loftiest memories. And so in this matter we have in hand: it happened that the Roots, in their hillside home, had determined that they would celebrate Christmas, as never had Roots done before since Josiah Root landed at Salem from the Hercules, with other Kentish people, in 1635. Abner and Gershom had cut and trimmed a pretty fir-balsam from the edge of the Hotchkiss clearing, and it was now in the best parlor. Grace, with Mary Bickford, her firm ally and other self, had gilded nuts, and rubbed lady-apples, and strung popped corn; and the tree had been dressed in secret, the youngsters all locked and warned out from the

room. The choicest turkeys of the drove, and the tenderest geese from the herd, and the plumpest fowls from the barnyard, had been sacrificed on consecrated altars. And all this was but as accompaniment and side illustration of the great glory of the celebration, which was that Huldah, after her two years' absence, Huldah was to come home.

And now she had not come, — nay, was not coming!

As they sat down at their Barmecide feast, how wretched the assemblage of unrivalled dainties seemed! John Root handed to his wife their daughter's letter; she read it and gave it to Grace, who read it, and gave it to her grandmother. No one read it aloud. To read aloud in such trials is not the custom of New England.

Boston, Dec. 24, 1848.

Dear Father and Mother; It is dreadful to disappoint you all, but I cannot come. I am all ready, and this goes by the carriage that was to take me to the cars. But our dear little Horace has just been brought home, I am afraid, dying; but we cannot tell, and I cannot leave

him. You know there is really no one who can do what I can. He was riding on his pony. First the pony came home alone; and, in five minutes after, two policemen brought the dear child in a carriage. His poor mother is very calm, but cannot think yet, or do anything. We have sent for his father, who is down-town. I try to hope that he may come to himself; but he only lies and draws long breaths on his little bed. The doctors are with him now; and I write this little scrawl to say how dreadfully sorry I am. A Merry Christmas to you all. Do not be troubled about me.

Your own loving

HULDAH.

P. S. I have got some little presents for the children; but they are all in my trunk, and I cannot get them out now. I will make a bundle Monday. Good-by. The man is waiting.

This was the letter that was passed from hand to hand, of which the contents slowly trickled into the comprehension of all parties, according as their several ages permitted them

to comprehend. Sam, as usual, broke the silence by saying: —

"It is a perfect shame! She might as well be a nigger slave! I suppose they think they have bought her and sold her. I should like to see 'em all, just for once, and tell 'em that her flesh and blood is as good as theirs; and that, with all their airs and their money, they 've no business to" —

"Sam," said poor Grace, "you shall not say such things. Huldah has stayed because she chose to stay; and that is the worst of it. She will not think of herself, not for one minute; and so — everything happens."

And Grace was sobbing beyond speech again; and her intervention amounted, therefore, to little or nothing. The boys, through the evening, descanted among themselves on the outrage. Grandmamma, and, at last, their mother, took successive turns in taming their indignation; but, for all this, it was a miserable evening. As for John Root, he took a lamp in one hand, and the Weekly Tribune in the other, and sat before the fire and pretended to read; but not once did John Root change the fold of the paper

that evening. It was a wretched Christmas Eve; and, at half-past eight, every light was out, and every member of the household was lying, stark-awake, in bed.

Huldah Root, you see, was a servant with the Bartletts, in Boston. When she was only sixteen she was engaged at her trade, as a vest-maker, in that town; and, by some chance, made an appointment to sew as a seamstress at Mrs. Bartlett's for a fortnight. There were any number of children to be clothed there; and the fortnight extended to a month. Then the month became two months. She grew fond of Mrs. Bartlett, because Mrs. Bartlett grew fond of her. The children adored her; and she kept an eye to them; and it ended in her engaging to spend the winter there, half-seamstress, half-nurse, half-nursery-governess, and a little of everything. From such a beginning it had happened that she had lived there six years, in confidential service. She could cook better than anybody in the house, — better than Mrs. Bartlett herself; but it was not often that she tried her talent there. On a birthday perhaps,

in August, she would make huckleberry cakes, by the old homestead receipt, for the children. She had the run of all their clothes as nobody else had; took the younger ones to be measured; and saw that none of the older ones went out with a crack in a seam, or a rough edge at the foot of a trowser. It was whispered that Minnie had rather go into the sewing-room to get Huldah to show her about Alligation or Square-root, than to wait for Miss Thurber's explanations in the morning. In fifty such ways it happened that Huldah, who, on the roll-call of the census-man, probably rated as a nursery-maid in the house, was the confidential friend of every member of the family, from Mr. Bartlett, for whom she knew where to find the Intelligencer, down to the chore-boy who came in to black the shoes. And so it was that, when poor little Horace was brought in with his skull knocked in by the pony, Huldah was, and modestly knew that she was, the most essential person in the stunned family-circle.

While her brothers and sisters were putting out their lights at New Durham, heart-sick and wounded, Huldah was sitting in that still room,

where only the rough, choked breathing of poor Horace broke the sound. She was changing, once in ten minutes, the ice-water cloths; was feeling of his feet sometimes; wetting his tongue once or twice in an hour; putting her finger to his pulse, with a native sense which needed no second-hand to help it; and all the time, with the thought of him, was remembering how grieved and hurt and heart-broken they were at home. Every half-hour, or less, a pale face appeared at the door; and Huldah just slid across the room and said: "He is really doing nicely, pray lie down;" or "His pulse is surely better; I will certainly come to you if it flags;" or "Pray trust me, — I will not let you wait a moment if he needs you;" or "Pray get ready for to-morrow. An hour's sleep now will be worth everything to you then." And the poor mother would crawl back to her baby and her bed, and pretend to try to sleep; and in half an hour would appear again at the door. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock. How companionable Dr. Lowell's clock seems when one is sitting up so, with no one else to talk to! Four o'clock at last; it is really growing to be

quite intimate. Five o'clock. "If I were in dear Durham now, one of the roosters would be calling," — Six o'clock. — Poor Horace stirs, turns, flings his arm over. "Mother — O Huldah! is it you? How nice that is!" And he is unconscious again; but he had had sense enough to know her. What a blessed Christmas present that is, to tell that to his poor mother when she slides in at daybreak, and says: "You shall go to bed now, dear child. You see I am very fresh; and you must rest yourself, you know. Do you really say he knew you? Are you sure he knew you? Why, Huldah, what an angel of peace you are!"

So opened Huldah's Christmas morning.

Days of doubt, nights of watching. Every now and then the boy knows his mother, his father, or Huldah. Then will come this heavy stupor, which is so different from sleep. At last the surgeons have determined that a piece of the bone must come away. There is the quiet gathering of the most skilful at the determined hour; there is the firm table for the little fellow to lie on; here is the ether and the sponge;

and, of course, here and there, and everywhere, is Huldah. She can hold the sponge, or she can fetch and carry; she can answer at once if she is spoken to; she can wait, if it is waiting; she can act, if it is acting. At last the wretched little button, which has been pressing on our poor boy's brain, is lifted safely out. It is in Morton's hand; he smiles and nods at Huldah as she looks inquiry, and she knows he is satisfied. And does not the poor child himself, even in his unconscious sleep, draw his breath more lightly than he did before? All is well.

"Who do you say that young woman is?" says Dr. Morton to Mr. Bartlett, as he draws on his coat in the doorway after all is over. "Could we not tempt her over to the General Hospital?"

"No, I think not. I do not think we can spare her."

The boy Horace is new-born that day; a New Year's gift to his mother. So pass Huldah's holidays.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

FOURTEEN years make of the boy, whose pony was too much for him, a man equal to any prank of any pony. Fourteen years will do this, even to boys of ten. Horace Bartlett is the colonel of a cavalry regiment, stationed just now in West Virginia; and, as it happens, this twenty-four-year-old boy has an older commission than anybody in that region, and is the Post Commander at Talbot C. H., and will be, most likely, for the winter. The boy has a vein of foresight in him, a good deal of system; and, what is worth while to have by the side of system, some knack of order. So soon as he finds that he is responsible, he begins to prepare for responsibility. His staff-officers are boys too; but they are all friends, and all mean to do their best. His surgeon-in-charge took his degree at Washington last spring; that is encouraging. Perhaps, if he has not much experience, he has,

at least, the latest advices. His head is level too; he means to do his best, such as it is; and, indeed, all hands in that knot of boy-counsellors will not fail for laziness or carelessness. Their very youth makes them provident and grave.

So among a hundred other letters, as October opens, Horace writes this: —

TALBOT COURT HOUSE, VA., Oct. 3, 1863.

DEAR HULDAH, — Here we are still, as I have been explaining to father; and, as you will see by my letter to him, here we are like to stay. Thus far we are doing sufficiently well. As I have told him, if my plans had been adopted we should have been pushed rapidly forward up the valley of the Yellow Creek; Badger's corps would have been withdrawn from before Winchester; Wilcox and Steele together would have threatened Early; and then, by a rapid flank movement, we should have pounced down on Longstreet (not the great Longstreet, but little Longstreet) and compelled him to uncover Lynchburg; we could have blown up the dams and locks on the canal, made a freshet to sweep all the obstructions out of James River; and

then, if they had shown half as much spirit on the Potomac, all of us would be in Richmond for our Christmas dinner. But my plans, as usual, were not asked for, far less taken. So, as I said, here we are.

Well, I have been talking with Lawrence Worcester, my surgeon-in-charge, who is a very good fellow. His sick-list is not bad now, and he does not mean to have it bad; but he says that he is not pleased with the ways of his ward-masters; and it was his suggestion, not mine, mark you, that I should see if one or two of the Sanitary women would not come as far as this to make things decent. So, of course, I write to you. Don't you think mother could spare you to spend the winter here? It will be rough, of course; but it is all in the good cause. Perhaps you know some nice women, — well, not like you, of course, but still, disinterested and sensible, — who would come too. Think of this carefully, I beg you, and talk to father and mother. Worcester says we may have three hundred boys in hospital before Christmas; if Jubal Early should come this way, I don't

know how many more. Talk with mother and father.

Always yours,

HORACE BARTLETT.

P. S. I have shown Worcester what I have written; he encloses a sort of official letter, which may be of use. He says, "Show this to Dr. Hayward; get them to examine you and the others, and then the government, on his order, will pass you on." I enclose this because, if you come, it will save time.

Of course Huldah went. Grace Starr, her married sister, went with her, and Mrs. Philbrick, and Anna Thwart. That was the way they happened to be all together in the Methodist church, that had been, of Talbot Court House, as Christmas holidays drew near, of the year of grace, 1863.

She and her friends had been there quite long enough to be wonted to the strangeness of December in the open air. On her little table, in front of the desk of the church, were three or four buttercups in bloom, which she had gathered in an afternoon walk, with three or four

heads of hawksweed. "The beginning of one year," Huldah said, "with the end of the other." Nay, there was even a stray rose which Dr. Sprigg had found in a farmer's garden. Huldah came out from the vestry, where her own bed was, in the gray of the morning, changed the water for the poor little flowers, sat a moment at the table to look at last night's memoranda; and then beckoned to the ward-master, and asked him in a whisper, what was the movement she had heard in the night, — "Another alarm from Early?"

"No, miss, not an alarm. I saw the Colonel's orderly as he passed. He stopped here for Dr. Fenno's case. There had come down an express from General Mitchell, and the men were called without the bugle, each man separately; not a horse was to neigh, if they could help it. And really, miss, they were off in twenty minutes."

"Off, who are off?"

"The whole post, miss, except the relief for to-day. There are not fifty men in the village, besides us here. The orderly thought they were to go down to Braxton's; but he did not know."

Here was news indeed! news so exciting that Huldah went back at once, and called the other women; and they all of them together began on that wretched business of waiting. They had never yet known what it was to wait for a real battle. They had had their beds filled with this and that patient from one or another post, and had some gun-shot wounds of old standing among the rest; but this was their first battle, if it were a battle. So the covers were taken off that long line of beds down on the west aisle, and from those under the singers' seat; and the sheets and pillow-cases were brought out from the linen-room, and aired, and put on. The biggest kettles are filled up with strong soup; and they have milk-punch and beef-tea all in readiness; and everybody they can command is on hand to help lift patients and distribute food. But there is only too much time. Will there never be any news? Anna Thwart and Doctor Sprigg have walked down to the bend of the hill, to see if any messenger is coming. As for the other women, they sit at their table; they look at their watches; they walk down to the door; they come back to the table.

I notice they have all put on fresh aprons, for the sake of doing something more in getting ready.

Here is Anna Thwart. "They are coming! they are coming! somebody is coming. A mounted man is crossing the flat, coming towards us; and the doctor told me to come back and tell." Five minutes more, ten minutes more, an eternity more, and then a rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, the mounted man is here. "Wagons right behind. We bagged every man of them at Wyatt's. Got there before daylight. Colonel White's men from the Yellows came up just at the same time, and we pitched in before they knew it, — three or four regiments, thirteen hundred men, and all their guns."

"And with no fighting?"

"Oh, yes! fighting of course. The colonel has got a train of wagons down here, with the men that are hurt. That's why I am here. Here is his note." Thus does the mounted man discharge his errand backward.

Dear Doctor, — We have had great success. We have surprised the whole post. The com-

pany across the brook tried hard to get away; and a good many of them, and of Sykes's men, are hit; but I cannot find that we have lost more than seven men. I have nineteen wagons here of wounded men, some hurt pretty badly.

Ever yours, H.

So there must be more waiting. But now we know what we are waiting for; and the end will come in a finite world. Thank God, at half-past three, here they are! Tenderly, gently. "Hush, Sam! Hush Cæsar! You talk too much." Gently, tenderly. Twenty-seven of the poor fellows, with everything the matter, from a burnt face to a heart stopping its beats for want of more blood.

"Huldah, come here. This is my old classmate, Barthew; sat next me at prayers four years. He is a major in their army, you see. His horse stumbled, and pitched him against a stone-wall; and he has not spoken since. Don't tell me he is dying; but do as well for him, Huldah," — and the handsome boy smiled, — "do as well for him as you did for me." So they carried Barthew, senseless as he was, tenderly

into the church; and he became E, 27, on an iron bedstead. Not half the soup was wanted, nor the beef-tea, nor the punch. So much the better.

Then came day and night, week in and out, of army system and womanly sensibility; that quiet, cheerful, *homish*, hospital life, in the quaint surroundings of the white-washed church; the pointed arches of the windows and the faded moreen of the pulpit telling that it is a church, in a reminder not unpleasant. Two or three weeks of hopes and fears, failures and success, bring us to Christmas Eve.

It is the surgeon-in-chief who happens to give our particular Christmas dinner, — I mean the one that interests you and me. Huldah and the other ladies had accepted his invitation. Horace Bartlett and his staff, and some of the other officers, were guests; and the doctor had given his own permit that Major Barthew might walk up to his quarters with the ladies. Huldah and he were in advance, he leaning, with many apologies, on her arm. Dr. Sprigg and Anna Thwart were far behind. The two

married ladies, as needing no escort, were in the middle. Major Barthew enjoyed the emancipation, was delighted with his companion, could not say enough to make her praise the glimpses of Virginia, even if it were West Virginia.

"What a party it is, to be sure!" said he. "The doctor might call on us for our stories, as one of Dickens's chiefs would do at a Christmas feast. Let us see, we should have

THE SURGEON'S TALE;

THE GENERAL'S TALE;

for we may at least make believe that Hod's stars have come from Washington. Then he must call in that one-eyed servant of his, and we will have

THE ORDERLY'S TALE.

Your handsome friend from Wisconsin shall tell

THE GERMAN'S TALE.

I shall be encouraged to tell

THE PRISONER'S TALE.

And you"—

"And I?" said Huldah laughing, because he paused.

"You shall tell

THE SAINT'S TALE."

Barthew spoke with real feeling, which he did not care to disguise. But Huldah was not there for sentiment; and without quivering in the least, or making other acknowledgment, she laughed as she knew she ought to do, and said: "Oh, no! that is quite too grand, the story must end with

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SPECIAL RELIEF'S TALE.

It is a little unromantic to the sound; but that's what it is."

"I don't see," persisted the major "if Superintendent of Special Relief means *Saint* in Latin, why we should not say so."

"Because we are not talking Latin," said Huldah. "Listen to me; and, before we come to dinner, I will tell you a story pretty enough for Dickens, or any of them; and it is a story not fifteen minutes old.

"Have you noticed that black-whiskered fel-

low, under the gallery, by the north window?—Yes, the same. He is French, enlisted, I think, in New London. I came to him just now, managed to say *étrennes* and *Noël* to him, and a few other French words, and asked if there were nothing we could do to make him more at home. Oh, no! there was nothing; madame was too good, and everybody was too good, and so on. But I persisted. I wished I knew more about Christmas in France; and I staid by. 'No, madame, nothing; there is nothing: but, since you say it,—if there were two drops of red wine,—*du vin de mon pays, madame;* but you could not, here in Virginia.' Could not I? Long arms has a superintendent of special relief. There was a box of claret, which was the first thing I saw in the store-room the day I took my keys. The doctor was only too glad the man had thought of it; and you should have seen the pleasure that red glass—as full as I could pile it—gave him. The tears were running down his cheeks. Anna, there, had another Frenchman; and she sent some to him: and my man is now humming a little song about the *vin rouge* of Bourgogne. Would not Mr.

Dickens make a pretty story of that for you, —

THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY?'"

Barthew longed to say that the great novelist would not make so pretty a story as she did. But this time he did not dare.

You are not going to hear the eight stories. Mr. Dickens was not there, nor, indeed, was I. But a jolly Christmas dinner they had, though they had not those eight stories. Quiet they were, and very, very happy. It was a strange thing, if one could have analyzed it, that they should have felt so much at home, and so much at ease with each other, in that queer Virginian kitchen, where the doctor and his friends of his mess had arranged the feast; and a happy thing it was, that the recollections of so many other Christmas homes should come in, not sadly, but pleasantly, and should cheer, rather than shade, the evening. They felt off-soundings, all of them. There was, for the time, no responsibility. The strain was gone. The gentlemen were glad to be dining with ladies, I believe; the ladies, unconsciously, were probably glad to be dining with gentlemen. The officers

were glad they were not on duty; and the prisoner, if glad of nothing else, was glad he was not in bed. But he was glad for many things beside. You see it was but a little post. They were far away; and they took things with the ease of a detached command.

"Shall we have any toasts?" said the doctor, when his nuts and raisins and apples at last appeared.

"Oh, no! no toasts,— nothing so stiff as that."

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said Grace; "I should like to know what it is to drink a toast. Something I have heard of all my life, and never saw."

"One toast, at least, then," said the doctor. "Colonel Bartlett, will you name the toast?"

"Only one toast?" said Horace; "that is a hard selection: we must vote on that."

"No, no!" said a dozen voices; and a dozen laughing assistants at the feast offered their advice.

"I might give the Country; I might give the Cause; I might give the President: and everybody would drink," said Horace. "I might give Absent Friends, or Home, Sweet Home; but then we should cry."

"Why do you not give the Trepanned People?" said Worcester, laughing, "or the Silver-headed Gentlemen?"

"Why don't you give the Staff and the Line? Why don't you give Here's Hoping? Give Next Christmas; give the Medical Department; and may they often ask us to dine!"

"Give Saints and Sinners," said Major Barthew, after the first outcry was hushed.

"I shall give no such thing," said Horace. "We have had a lovely dinner; and we know we have; and the host, who is a good fellow, knows the first thanks are not to him. Those of us who ever had our heads knocked open, like the Major and me, do know. Fill your glasses, gentlemen, I give you the Special Diet Kitchen."

He took them all by surprise. There was a general shout; and the ladies all rose and dropped mock courtesies.

"By Jove," said Barthew to the Colonel, afterwards, "It was the best toast I ever drank in my life. Anyway, that little woman has saved my life. Do you say she did the same to you?"

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

SO you think that, when the war was over, Major Barthew, then Major-General, remembered Huldah all the same, and came on and persuaded her to marry him, and that she is now sitting in her veranda, looking down on the Pamunkey River. You think that, do you not?

Well, you were never so mistaken in your life! If you want that story, you can go and buy yourself a dime-novel. I would buy The Rescued Rebel, or The Noble Nurse, if I were you.

After the war was over, Huldah did make General Barthew and his wife a visit once, at their plantation in Pocataligo County; but I was not there, and know nothing about it.

Here is a Christmas of hers, about which she wrote a letter; and, as it happens, it was a letter to Mrs. Barthew.

HULDAH ROOT TO AGNES BARTHEW.

VILLIERS-BOCAGE, Dec. 27, 1868.

. . . Here I was, then, after this series of hopeless blunders, sole alone at the *gare* [French for station] of this little, out-of-the-way town. My dear, there was never an American here since Christopher Columbus slept here when he was a boy. And here, you see, I was like to remain; for there was no possibility of the others getting back to me till to-morrow, and no good in my trying to overtake them. All I could do was just to bear it, and to live on and live through, from Thursday to Monday; and really, what was worst of all was, that Friday was Christmas Day.

Well, I found a funny little carriage, with a funny old man who did not understand my *patois* any better than I did his; but he understood a franc-piece. I had my guide-book, and I said *auberge;* and we came to the oddest, most outlandish and old-fashioned establishment that ever escaped from one of Julia Nathalie woman's novels. And here I am.

And the reason, my dear Mrs. Barthew, that I take to-day to write to you, you and the

Colonel will now understand. You see it was only ten o'clock when I got here; then I went to walk, many *enfants terribles* following respectfully; then I came home, and ate the funny refection; then I got a nap; then I went to walk again, and made a little sketch in the churchyard: and this time, one of the children brought up her mother, a funny Norman woman, in a delicious costume, — I have a sketch of another just like her, — and she dropped a courtesy, and, in a very mild *patois*, said she hoped the children did not trouble madame. And I said, "Oh, no!" and found a sugar-plum for the child, and showed my sketch to the woman; and she said she supposed madame was Anglaise.

I said I was not Anglaise — and here the story begins; for I said I was *Americaine*. And, do you know, her face lighted up as if I had said I was St. Gulda, or St. Hilda, or any of their Northmen Saints.

"*Americaine! est-il possible? Jeannette, Gertrude, faites vos reverences; madame est Americaine.*"

And, sure enough, they all dropped preter-

natural courtesies. And then the most eager enthusiasm; how fond they all were of *les Americaines*, but how no *Americaines* had ever come before! And was madame at the Three Cygnets? And might she and her son and her husband call to see madame at the Three Cygnets? And might she bring a little *étrenne* to madame? And I know not what beside.

I was very glad the national reputation had gone so far. I really wished I were Charles Sumner (pardon me, dear Mrs. Barthew!), that I might properly receive the delegation. But I said, "Oh, certainly!" and, as it grew dark, — with my admiring *cortége*, whispering now to the street full of admirers that madame was *Americaine*, — I returned to the Three Cygnets.

And in the evening they all came. Really, you should see the pretty basket they brought for an *étrenne*. I could not guess then where they got such exquisite flowers; these lovely stephanotis blossoms, a perfect wealth of roses, and all arranged with charming taste in a quaint country basket, such as exists nowhere but in this particular section of this quaint old

Normandy. In came the husband, dressed up and frightened, but thoroughly good in his look. In came my friend; and then two sons and two wives, and three or four children: and, my dear Mrs. Barthew, one of the sons, I knew him in an instant, was a man we had at Talbot Court House when your husband was there. I think the Colonel will remember him, — a black-whiskered man, who used to sing a little song about *le vin rouge* of Bourgogne.

He did not remember me; that I saw in a moment. It was all so different, you know. In the hospital I had on a cap and apron, and here, — well it was another thing. My hostess knew that they were coming, and had me in her largest room, and I succeeded in making them all sit down; and I received my formal welcome; and I thanked in my most Parisian French; and then the conversation hung fire. But I took my turn now, and turned round to poor Louis.

"You served in America, — did you not?" said I.

"Ah, *yes*, madame! I did not know my mother had told you."

No more did she, indeed; and she looked astonished. But I persevered: —

"You seem strong and well."

"Ah, yes, madame!"

"How long since you returned?"

"As soon as there was peace, madame. We were mustered out in June, madame."

"And does your arm never trouble you?"

"Oh, never, madame! I did not know my mother had told you."

New astonishment on the part of the mother.

"You never had another piece of bone come out?"

"Oh, no, madame! how did madame know? I did not know my mother had told you!"

And by this time I could not help saying: "You Normans care more for Christmas than we Americans; is it not so, my brave?"

And this he would not stand; and he said stoutly, "Ah, no, madame! no, no, —*jamais!*" and began an eager defence of the religious enthusiasm of the Americans, and their goodness to all people who were good, if people would only be good. But still he had not the least dream who I was. And I said: —

"Do the Normans ever drink Burgundy?" and to my old hostess: "Madame, could you bring us a flask *du vin rouge de Bourgogne?*" and then I hummed his little *chanson*, — I am sure Colonel Barthew will remember it, — "*Deux — gouttes — du vin rouge de Bourgogne.*"

My dear Mrs. Barthew, he sprang from his chair and fell on his knees, and kissed my hands, before I could stop him. And when his mother and father, and all the rest, found that I was the particular *sœur de la charité* who had had the care of dear Louis when he was hurt, and that it was I he had told of that very day, — for the thousandth time, I believe, — who gave him that glass of claret, and cheered up his Christmas, I verily believe they would have taken me to the church to worship me. They were not satisfied, the women with kissing me, or the men with shaking hands with each other; the whole *auberge* had to be called in, and poor *I* was famous. I need not say I cried my eyes out; and when, at ten o'clock, they let me go to bed, I was worn out with crying, and laughing, and talking, and listening; and I believe they were as much upset as I.

Now that is just the beginning; and yet I see I must stop. But, for forty-eight hours I have been simply a queen. I can hardly put my foot to the ground. Christmas morning, these dear Thibault people came again; and then the *curé* came; and then some nice Madame Perrons came, and I went to mass with them; and, after mass, their brother's carriage came, and they would take no refusals; but with many apologies to my sweet old hostess, at the Three Cygnets, I was fain to come up to M. Firmin's lovely *château* here, and make myself at home till my friends shall arrive. It seems the poor Thibaults had come here to beg the flowers for the *étrenne.* It is really the most beautiful country residence I have seen in France; and they live on the most patriarchal footing with all the people round them. I am sure I ought to speak kindly of them. It is the most fascinating hospitality. So here am I, waiting, with my little *sac de nuit* to make me *aspettabile;* and here I ate my Christmas dinner. Tell the Colonel that here is "THE TRAVELLER'S TALE;" and that is why the letter is so long.

Most truly yours,

HULDAH ROOT.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE CHRISTMAS MORE.

THIS last Christmas party is Huldah's own. It is hers, at least, as much as it is any one's. There are five of them, nay six, with equal right to precedence in the John o' Groat's house, where she has settled down. It is one of those comfortable houses which are still left three miles out from the old State House in Boston. It is not all on one floor; that would be, perhaps, too like the golden courts of heaven. There are two stories; but they are connected by a central flight of stairs of easy tread (designed by Charles Cummings); so easy, and so stately withal, that, as you pass over them, you always bless the builder, and hardly know that you go up or down. Five large rooms on each floor give ample room for the five heads of the house, if, indeed, there be not six, as I said before.

In this Saints' Rest there have drifted together, by the eternal law of attraction, Hul-

dah, and Ellen Philbrick (who was with her in Virginia and in France, and has been, indeed, but little separated from her, except on duty, for twenty years), and with them three other friends. These women, — well I cannot introduce them to you without writing three stories of true romance, one for each. This quiet, strong, meditative, helpful saint, who is coming into the parlor now, is Helen Touro. She was left alone with her baby when the Empire State went down, and her husband was never heard of more. The love of that baby warmed her to the love of all others; and, when I first knew her, she was ruling over a home of babies, whose own mothers or fathers were not, always with a heart big enough to say there was room for one more waif in that sanctuary. That older woman, who is writing at the Davenport in the corner, lightened the cares and smoothed the daily life of General Schuyler in all the last years of his life, when he was in the Cabinet, in Brazil, and in Louisiana. His wife was long ill, and then died. His children needed all a woman's care; and this woman stepped to the front, cared for them, cared for all his house-

hold, cared for him; and I dare not say how much is due to her of that which you and I say daily we owe to him. Miss Peters, I see you know. She served in another regiment; was at the head of the sweetest, noblest, purest school that ever trained, in five-and-twenty years, five hundred girls to be the queens in five hundred happy and strong families. All of these five, — our Huldah, and Mrs. Philbrick too, you have seen before, — all of them have been in "the service;" all of them have known that perfect service is perfect freedom. I think they know that perfect service is the highest honor. They have together taken this house, as they say, for the shelter and home of their old age. But Huldah, as she plays with your Harry there, does not look to me as if she were superannuated yet.

"But you said there were six in all."

"Did I? I suppose there are. Mr. Philbrick, are there five captains in your establishment, or six?"

"My dear Mr. Hale, why do you ask me? You know there are five captains and one general. We have persuaded Seth Corbet to

"And I?" said Huldah laughing, because he paused.

"You shall tell

THE SAINT'S TALE."

Barthew spoke with real feeling, which he did not care to disguise. But Huldah was not there for sentiment; and without quivering in the least, or making other acknowledgment, she laughed as she knew she ought to do, and said: "Oh, no! that is quite too grand, the story must end with

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SPECIAL RELIEF'S TALE.

It is a little unromantic to the sound; but that 's what it is."

"I don't see," persisted the major "if Superintendent of Special Relief means *Saint* in Latin, why we should not say so."

"Because we are not talking Latin," said Huldah. "Listen to me; and, before we come to dinner, I will tell you a story pretty enough for Dickens, or any of them; and it is a story not fifteen minutes old.

"Have you noticed that black-whiskered fel-

low, under the gallery, by the north window?—Yes, the same. He is French, enlisted, I think, in New London. I came to him just now, managed to say *étrennes* and *Noël* to him, and a few other French words, and asked if there were nothing we could do to make him more at home. Oh, no! there was nothing; madame was too good, and everybody was too good, and so on. But I persisted. I wished I knew more about Christmas in France; and I staid by. 'No, madame, nothing; there is nothing: but, since you say it,—if there were two drops of red wine,—*du vin de mon pays, madame;* but you could not, here in Virginia.' Could not I? Long arms has a superintendent of special relief. There was a box of claret, which was the first thing I saw in the store-room the day I took my keys. The doctor was only too glad the man had thought of it; and you should have seen the pleasure that red glass—as full as I could pile it—gave him. The tears were running down his cheeks. Anna, there, had another Frenchman; and she sent some to him: and my man is now humming a little song about the *vin rouge* of Bourgogne. Would not Mr.

Dickens make a pretty story of that for you, —

THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY?'"

Barthew longed to say that the great novelist would not make so pretty a story as she did. But this time he did not dare.

You are not going to hear the eight stories. Mr. Dickens was not there, nor, indeed, was I. But a jolly Christmas dinner they had, though they had not those eight stories. Quiet they were, and very, very happy. It was a strange thing, if one could have analyzed it, that they should have felt so much at home, and so much at ease with each other, in that queer Virginian kitchen, where the doctor and his friends of his mess had arranged the feast; and a happy thing it was, that the recollections of so many other Christmas homes should come in, not sadly, but pleasantly, and should cheer, rather than shade, the evening. They felt off-soundings, all of them. There was, for the time, no responsibility. The strain was gone. The gentlemen were glad to be dining with ladies, I believe; the ladies, unconsciously, were probably glad to be dining with gentlemen. The officers

were glad they were not on duty; and the prisoner, if glad of nothing else, was glad he was not in bed. But he was glad for many things beside. You see it was but a little post. They were far away; and they took things with the ease of a detached command.

"Shall we have any toasts?" said the doctor, when his nuts and raisins and apples at last appeared.

"Oh, no! no toasts,—nothing so stiff as that."

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said Grace; "I should like to know what it is to drink a toast. Something I have heard of all my life, and never saw."

"One toast, at least, then," said the doctor. "Colonel Bartlett, will you name the toast?"

"Only one toast?" said Horace; "that is a hard selection: we must vote on that."

"No, no!" said a dozen voices; and a dozen laughing assistants at the feast offered their advice.

"I might give the Country; I might give the Cause; I might give the President: and everybody would drink," said Horace. "I might give Absent Friends, or Home, Sweet Home; but then we should cry."

"Why do you not give the Trepanned People?" said Worcester, laughing, "or the Silver-headed Gentlemen?"

"Why don't you give the Staff and the Line? Why don't you give Here's Hoping? Give Next Christmas; give the Medical Department; and may they often ask us to dine!"

"Give Saints and Sinners," said Major Barthew, after the first outcry was hushed.

"I shall give no such thing," said Horace. "We have had a lovely dinner; and we know we have; and the host, who is a good fellow, knows the first thanks are not to him. Those of us who ever had our heads knocked open, like the Major and me, do know. Fill your glasses, gentlemen, I give you the Special Diet Kitchen."

He took them all by surprise. There was a general shout; and the ladies all rose and dropped mock courtesies.

"By Jove," said Barthew to the Colonel, afterwards, "It was the best toast I ever drank in my life. Anyway, that little woman has saved my life. Do you say she did the same to you?"

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

SO you think that, when the war was over, Major Barthew, then Major-General, remembered Huldah all the same, and came on and persuaded her to marry him, and that she is now sitting in her veranda, looking down on the Pamunkey River. You think that, do you not?

Well, you were never so mistaken in your life! If you want that story, you can go and buy yourself a dime-novel. I would buy The Rescued Rebel, or The Noble Nurse, if I were you.

After the war was over, Huldah did make General Barthew and his wife a visit once, at their plantation in Pocataligo County; but I was not there, and know nothing about it.

Here is a Christmas of hers, about which she wrote a letter; and, as it happens, it was a letter to Mrs. Barthew.

HULDAH ROOT TO AGNES BARTHEW.

VILLIERS-BOCAGE, Dec. 27, 1868.

. . . Here I was, then, after this series of hopeless blunders, sole alone at the *gare* [French for station] of this little, out-of-the-way town. My dear, there was never an American here since Christopher Columbus slept here when he was a boy. And here, you see, I was like to remain; for there was no possibility of the others getting back to me till to-morrow, and no good in my trying to overtake them. All I could do was just to bear it, and to live on and live through, from Thursday to Monday; and really, what was worst of all was, that Friday was Christmas Day.

Well, I found a funny little carriage, with a funny old man who did not understand my *patois* any better than I did his; but he understood a franc-piece. I had my guide-book, and I said *auberge;* and we came to the oddest, most outlandish and old-fashioned establishment that ever escaped from one of Julia Nathalie woman's novels. And here I am.

And the reason, my dear Mrs. Barthew, that I take to-day to write to you, you and the

Colonel will now understand. You see it was only ten o'clock when I got here; then I went to walk, many *enfants terribles* following respectfully; then I came home, and ate the funny refection; then I got a nap; then I went to walk again, and made a little sketch in the churchyard: and this time, one of the children brought up her mother, a funny Norman woman, in a delicious costume, — I have a sketch of another just like her, — and she dropped a courtesy, and, in a very mild *patois*, said she hoped the children did not trouble madame. And I said, "Oh, no!" and found a sugar-plum for the child, and showed my sketch to the woman; and she said she supposed madame was Anglaise.

I said I was not Anglaise — and here the story begins; for I said I was *Americaine*. And, do you know, her face lighted up as if I had said I was St. Gulda, or St. Hilda, or any of their Northmen Saints.

"*Americaine! est-il possible? Jeannette, Gertrude, faites vos reverences; madame est Americaine.*"

And, sure enough, they all dropped preter-

natural courtesies. And then the most eager enthusiasm; how fond they all were of *les Americaines*, but how no *Americaines* had ever come before! And was madame at the Three Cygnets? And might she and her son and her husband call to see madame at the Three Cygnets? And might she bring a little *étrenne* to madame? And I know not what beside.

I was very glad the national reputation had gone so far. I really wished I were Charles Sumner (pardon me, dear Mrs. Barthew!), that I might properly receive the delegation. But I said, "Oh, certainly!" and, as it grew dark, — with my admiring *cortége*, whispering now to the street full of admirers that madame was *Americaine*, — I returned to the Three Cygnets.

And in the evening they all came. Really, you should see the pretty basket they brought for an *étrenne*. I could not guess then where they got such exquisite flowers; these lovely stephanotis blossoms, a perfect wealth of roses, and all arranged with charming taste in a quaint country basket, such as exists nowhere but in this particular section of this quaint old

Normandy. In came the husband, dressed up and frightened, but thoroughly good in his look. In came my friend; and then two sons and two wives, and three or four children: and, my dear Mrs. Barthew, one of the sons, I knew him in an instant, was a man we had at Talbot Court House when your husband was there. I think the Colonel will remember him, — a black-whiskered man, who used to sing a little song about *le vin rouge* of Bourgogne.

He did not remember me; that I saw in a moment. It was all so different, you know. In the hospital I had on a cap and apron, and here, — well it was another thing. My hostess knew that they were coming, and had me in her largest room, and I succeeded in making them all sit down; and I received my formal welcome; and I thanked in my most Parisian French; and then the conversation hung fire. But I took my turn now, and turned round to poor Louis.

"You served in America, — did you not?" said I.

"Ah, yes, madame! I did not know my mother had told you."

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"You served in America, — did you not?" said I.

"Ah, yes, madame! I did not know my mother had told you."

No more did she, indeed; and she looked astonished. But I persevered: —

"You seem strong and well."

"Ah, yes, madame!"

"How long since you returned?"

"As soon as there was peace, madame. We were mustered out in June, madame."

"And does your arm never trouble you?"

"Oh, never, madame! I did not know my mother had told you."

New astonishment on the part of the mother.

"You never had another piece of bone come out?"

"Oh, no, madame! how did madame know? I did not know my mother had told you!"

And by this time I could not help saying: "You Normans care more for Christmas than we Americans; is it not so, my brave?"

And this he would not stand; and he said stoutly, "Ah, no, madame! no, no, —*jamais!*" and began an eager defence of the religious enthusiasm of the Americans, and their goodness to all people who were good, if people would only be good. But still he had not the least dream who I was. And I said: —

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Now that is just the beginning; and yet I see I must stop. But, for forty-eight hours I have been simply a queen. I can hardly put my foot to the ground. Christmas morning, these dear Thibault people came again; and then the *curé* came; and then some nice Madame Perrons came, and I went to mass with them; and, after mass, their brother's carriage came, and they would take no refusals; but with many apologies to my sweet old hostess, at the Three Cygnets, I was fain to come up to M. Firmin's lovely *château* here, and make myself at home till my friends shall arrive. It seems the poor Thibaults had come here to beg the flowers for the *étrenne*. It is really the most beautiful country residence I have seen in France; and they live on the most patriarchal footing with all the people round them. I am sure I ought to speak kindly of them. It is the most fascinating hospitality. So here am I, waiting, with my little *sac de nuit* to make me *aspettabile*; and here I ate my Christmas dinner. Tell the Colonel that here is "THE TRAVELLER'S TALE;" and that is why the letter is so long.

Most truly yours,

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CHAPTER IV.

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THIS last Christmas party is Huldah's own. It is hers, at least, as much as it is any one's. There are five of them, nay six, with equal right to precedence in the John o' Groat's house, where she has settled down. It is one of those comfortable houses which are still left three miles out from the old State House in Boston. It is not all on one floor; that would be, perhaps, too like the golden courts of heaven. There are two stories; but they are connected by a central flight of stairs of easy tread (designed by Charles Cummings); so easy, and so stately withal, that, as you pass over them, you always bless the builder, and hardly know that you go up or down. Five large rooms on each floor give ample room for the five heads of the house, if, indeed, there be not six, as I said before.

In this Saints' Rest there have drifted together, by the eternal law of attraction, Hul-

dah, and Ellen Philbrick (who was with her in Virginia and in France, and has been, indeed, but little separated from her, except on duty, for twenty years), and with them three other friends. These women, — well I cannot introduce them to you without writing three stories of true romance, one for each. This quiet, strong, meditative, helpful saint, who is coming into the parlor now, is Helen Touro. She was left alone with her baby when the Empire State went down, and her husband was never heard of more. The love of that baby warmed her to the love of all others; and, when I first knew her, she was ruling over a home of babies, whose own mothers or fathers were not, always with a heart big enough to say there was room for one more waif in that sanctuary. That older woman, who is writing at the Davenport in the corner, lightened the cares and smoothed the daily life of General Schuyler in all the last years of his life, when he was in the Cabinet, in Brazil, and in Louisiana. His wife was long ill, and then died. His children needed all a woman's care; and this woman stepped to the front, cared for them, cared for all his house-

hold, cared for him; and I dare not say how much is due to her of that which you and I say daily we owe to him. Miss Peters, I see you know. She served in another regiment; was at the head of the sweetest, noblest, purest school that ever trained, in five-and-twenty years, five hundred girls to be the queens in five hundred happy and strong families. All of these five, — our Huldah, and Mrs. Philbrick too, you have seen before, — all of them have been in "the service;" all of them have known that perfect service is perfect freedom. I think they know that perfect service is the highest honor. They have together taken this house, as they say, for the shelter and home of their old age. But Huldah, as she plays with your Harry there, does not look to me as if she were superannuated yet.

"But you said there were six in all."

"Did I? I suppose there are. Mr. Philbrick, are there five captains in your establishment, or six?"

"My dear Mr. Hale, why do you ask me? You know there are five captains and one general. We have persuaded Seth Corbet to

make his home here, — yes, the same who went round the world with Mrs. Cradock. Since her death, he has come home to Boston; and he reports to us, and makes his headquarters here. He sees that we are all right every morning; and then he goes his rounds to see every grandchild of old Mr. Cradock, and to make sure that every son and daughter of that house is 'all right.' Sometimes he is away over night. This is when somebody in the circle of their friends is more sick than usual, and needs a man nurse. That old man was employed by old Mr. Cradock, in 1816, when he first went to housekeeping. He has had all the sons and all the daughters of that house in his arms; and now that the youngest of them is five-and-twenty, and the oldest fifty, I suppose he is not satisfied any day until he has seen that they and theirs, in their respective homes, are well. He thinks we here are babies; but he takes care of us all the more courteously."

"Will he dine with you to-day?"

"I am afraid not; but we shall see him at the Christmas-tree after dinner. There is to be a tree."

You see, this house was dedicated to the Apotheosis of Noble Ministry. Over the mantel-piece hung Raphael Morghen's large print of "The Lavatio," Carucci's picture of the "Washing of the Feet," — the only copy I ever saw. We asked Huldah about it.

"Oh, that was a present from Mr. Burchstadt, a rich manufacturer in Wirtemberg, to Ellen! She stumbled into one of those villages when everybody was sick and dying of typhus, and tended and watched and saved, one whole summer long, as Mrs. Ware did at Osmotherly. And this Mr. Burchstadt wanted to do something; and he sent her this in acknowledgment.

On the other side was Kaulbach's own study of Elizabeth of Hungary, dropping her apron full of roses.

> "Oh! what a sight the apron discloses;
> The viands are changed to real roses!"

When I asked Huldah where that came from, she blushed, and said, "Oh, that was a present to me!" and led us to Steinler's exquisite "Good Shepherd," in a larger and finer print than I had ever seen. Six or eight gentlemen

in New York, who, when they were dirty babies from the gutter, had been in Helen Touro's hands, had sent her a portfolio of beautiful prints, each with this same idea, of seeking what was lost. This one she had chosen for the sitting-room.

And on the fourth side was that dashing group of Horace Vernet's, "Gideon crossing Jordan," with the motto wrought into the frame, "Faint, yet pursuing." These four pictures are all presents to the "girls," as I find I still call them; and on the easel, Miss Peters had put her copy of "The Tribute Money." There were other pictures in the room; but these five unconsciously told its story.

The five girls were always together at Christmas; but, in practice, each of them lived here only two fifths of her time. "We make that a rule," said Ellen, laughing. "If anybody comes for anybody when there are only two here, those two are engaged to each other; and we stay. Not but what they can come and stay here if we cannot go to them." In practice, if any of us, in the immense circles which these saints had befriended, were in a

scrape, — as, if a mother was called away from home, and there were some children left, or if scarlet fever got into a house, or if the children had nobody to go to Mount Desert with them, or if the new house were to be set in order, and nobody knew how, — in any of the trials of well-ordered families, why, we rode over to the Saints' Rest to see if we could not induce one of the five to come and put things through. So that in practice, there were seldom more than two on the spot there.

But we do not get to the Christmas dinner. There were covers for four-and-twenty; and all the children besides were in a room up-stairs, presided over by Maria Munroe, who was in her element there. Then our party of twenty-four included men and women of a thousand romances, who had learned and had shown the nobility of service. One or two of us were invited as novices, in the hope, perhaps, that we might learn.

Scarcely was the soup served when the door-bell rang. Nothing else ever made Huldah look nervous. Bartlett, who was there, said, in an aside to me, that he had seen her more calm

when there was a volley firing within hearing of her store-room. Then it rang again. Helen Touro talked more vehemently; and Mrs. Bartlett at her end started a great laugh. But when it rang the third time something had to be said; and Huldah asked one of the girls, who was waiting, if there were no one attending at the door.

"Yes 'm, Mr. Corbet."

But the bell rang a fourth time, and a fifth.

"Isabel, you can go to the door. Mr. Corbet must have stepped out."

So Isabel went out, but returned with a face as broad as a soup-plate. "Mr. Corbet is there, ma'am."

Sixth door-bell peal, — seventh, and eighth.

"Mary, I think you had better see if Mr. Corbet has gone away."

Mary returns, face one broad grin.

"No, ma'am, Mr. Corbet is there."

Heavy steps in the red parlor. Side door-bell, a little gong, begins to ring. Front bell rings ninth time, tenth, and eleventh.

Saint John, as we call him, had seen that something was amiss, and had kindly pitched

in with a dissertation on the passage of the Red-River Dam, in which the gravy-boats were steamships, and the cranberry was General Banks, and the spoons were aids. But, when both door-bells rang together, and there were more steps in the hall, Huldah said, "If you will excuse me," and rose from the table.

"No, no, we will not excuse you," cried Clara Hastings. "Nobody will excuse you. This is the one day of the year when you are not to work. Let me go." So Clara went out. And after Clara went out, the door-bells rang no more. I think there were still steps in the hall. She came back, and said a man was inquiring his way to the "Smells;" and they directed him to "Wait's Mills," which she hoped would do. And so Huldah's and Grace's stupendous housekeeping went on in its solid order, reminding one of those well-proportioned Worcester teas, which are, perhaps, the crown and glory of the New-England science in this matter. I ventured to ask Sam Root, who sat by me, if the Marlborough tarts were not equal to his mother's.

And we sat long; and we laughed loud. We

talked war, and poetry, and genealogy. We rallied Helen Touro about her housekeeping; and Dr. Worcester pretended to give a list of surgeons and majors and major-generals who had made love to Huldah. By-and-by, when the grapes and the bonbons came, the sixteen children were led in by Maria Munroe, who had, till now, kept them at games of string and hunt the slipper. And, at last, Seth Corbet flung open the door into the red parlor, to announce "The Tree."

Sure enough, there was the tree, as the five saints had prepared it for the invited children, — glorious in gold, and white with wreaths of snowflakes, and blazing with candles. Sam Root kissed Grace, and said, "O Grace! do you remember?" But the tree itself did not surprise the children as much as the five tables at the right and the left, behind and before, amazed the Sainted Five, who were indeed the children now. A box of the *vin rouge de Bourgogne*, from Louis, was the first thing my eye lighted on, and above it a little banner read: "Huldah's table." And then I saw that these five tables were heaped with the Christmas offerings to the

five saints. It proved that everybody, the world over, had heard that they had settled down. Everybody in the four hemispheres, if there be four, who had remembered the unselfish service of these five, had thought this a fit time for commemorating such unselfish love, were it only by such a present as a lump of coal. Almost everybody, I think, had made Seth Corbet a confidant; and so, while the five saints were planning their pretty tree for the sixteen children, the North and the South, and the East and the West, were sending myrrh and frankincense and gold to them. The pictures were hung with Southern pine from Barthew. Boys, who were now men, had sent coral from India, pearl from Ceylon; and would have been glad to send ice from Greenland, had Christmas come in midsummer. There were diamonds from Brazil, and silver from Nevada, from those who lived there; there were books, in the choicest binding, in memory of copies of the same word, worn by travel, or dabbled in blood; there were pictures, either by the hand of near friendship, or by the master-hand of genius, which brought back the memories, perhaps, of some

old adventure in "The Service," — perhaps, as the Kaulbach did, of one of those histories which makes all service sacred. In five-and-twenty years of life, these women had so surrounded themselves, without knowing it or thinking of it, with loyal, yes, adoring friends, that the accident of their finding a fixed home had called in all at once this wealth of acknowledgment from those whom they might have forgotten, but who would never, forget them. And, by the accident of our coming together, we saw, in these heaps on heaps of offerings of love, some faint record of the lives they had enlivened, the wounds they had stanched, the tears they had wiped away, and the homes they had cheered. For themselves, the five saints, as I have called them, were laughing and crying together, quite upset in the surprise. For ourselves, there was not one of us who, in this little visible display of the range of years of service, did not take in something more of the meaning of, —

"He who will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

The surprise, the excitement, the laughter,

and the tears found vent in the children's eagerness to be led to their tree; and, in three minutes Ellen was opening boxes, and Huldah pulling fire-crackers, as if they had not been thrown off their balance. But when each boy and girl had two arms full, and the fir-balsam sent down from New Durham was nearly bare, Edgar Bartlett pointed to the top bough, where was a brilliant not noticed before. No one had noticed it, — not Seth himself, who had most of the other secrets of that house in his possession. I am sure that no man, woman, or child knew how the thing came there; but Seth lifted the little discoverer high in air, and he brought it down triumphant. It was a parcel made up in shining silvered paper. Seth cut the strings.

It contained twelve Maltese crosses of gold, with as many jewels, one in the heart of each, — I think, the blazing twelve of the Revelations. They were displayed on ribbons of blue and white, six of which bore Huldah's, Helen's, Ellen Philbrick's, Hannah's, Miss Peters's, and Seth Corbet's names. The other six had no names; but on the gold of these was marked: "From Huldah, to ——" "From Helen, to

——" and so on, as if these were decorations which they were to pass along. The saints themselves were the last to understand the decorations; but the rest of us caught the idea, and pinned them on their breasts. As we did so the ribbons unfolded, and displayed the motto of the order:—

"Henceforth I call you not servants; I have called you friends."

It was at that Christmas that the ORDER OF LOVING SERVICE was born.

I NEVER supposed that the fancy of Club organization, as conceived in the story, would be practically carried out. But Miss Ella Russell of New York at once read the story to some boys in a mission school, and formed from them the Club of

HARRY WADSWORTH HELPERS.

It is, so far as I know, the first of the long series of Wadsworth Clubs. Of this club Miss Russell gives this history: "The boys, from thirteen to

sixteen years old, felt that they were too old to go to any mission school; but the idea of a club to meet Sunday afternoons, officered by themselves, seemed a more grown-up affair. I had read them the story of Harry Wadsworth, with which they were delighted; and, as the class was ten in number, they decided to call themselves The Harry Wadsworth Helpers, to adopt the four mottoes, and to see what they could do to 'lend a hand.' They were to meet each week at the Sunday-school rooms, joining first with the school in the general exercises, then having their own order of proceedings. They had an initiation-fee, of ten cents, I believe, and monthly dues, besides fines, &c. The secretary kept a large book, and each member pledged himself to do some special thing each week 'to help some one;' and on Sundays all these were given and recorded in the book. Two of the boys devoted themselves to picking up drunken men in the street, finding out where they lived, and taking them home. Some read to a hopelessly deformed boy who could not sit up, and so on. Every two months the money collected was spent by

the boys themselves in relieving some case of special distress.

"The boys now are men, and, though widely scattered, are nearly all doing well. Only yesterday I received a letter from one who has been for several years in the Black Hills."

In one of the old numbers of the "From Year to Year" I heard of similar organizations.

In the beginning of 1871, I had the list of some fifty persons, in different parts of the world, who called themselves, more or less definitely, Harry Wadsworth People. Every two or three months perhaps, from that time, for several years, I would get a letter from one or another of them, perhaps asking advice for the formation of a club, perhaps sending me an anecdote of some act of heroism or help. In answer to questions about the forming of clubs, I have always said that "the less fuss and feathers" the better; that all the idea I had of a Wadsworth Club was, that it should be made of unselfish people, — who met, not for "mutual improvement," but with some definite plan for the other people.

I know not why, — but this book, "Ten Times

One is Ten," very soon had an *entrée* into prisons. I have, I suppose, a dozen letters, from different sources, telling me of the pleasure prisoners have taken in it. One of the clubs is one of young ladies, who have circulated it in large numbers, in prisons. Until last summer I should have said that this was as important a club in size as any.

I think the Ten Times One Club, of Westfield, Massachusetts, was the largest of these organizations; is it so still? In 1874 Miss Mary A. Lathbury, without having then seen the book which the reader has in his hands, proposed the establishment of the Look-Up Legion, with the four mottoes, which she had seen on the frieze of a friend's parlor in Orange. This Legion extends through five hundred or more Sunday-schools. Their object is expressed in this general order:—

LOOK-UP LEGION.

THE Look-Up Legion is a society carried on through the Bay Window Department of "The Sunday-School Advocate," and having a membership of over three thousand boys and girls. Its object is to aid in building up true character, and

in scattering the light of unselfish lives. Its members pledge themselves to be "truthful, unselfish, cheerful, hopeful, and helpful." They adopt the famous Wadsworth mottoes, found in "Ten Times One is Ten," by Rev. E. E. Hale:—

> "Look up and not down;
> Look out and not in;
> Look forward and not back,
> and Lend a hand."

Persons may become members of this society by sending their names to "The Sunday-School Advocate;" this proves their willingness to subscribe to the pledge.

Local chapters or clubs have been formed in many places, and it is hoped that this will be done wherever practicable. Weekly or semi-monthly meetings are recommended, and some line of work, adapted to the locality, may be carried on through these meetings.

Reports from all such clubs will be welcomed at the office of "The Sunday-School Advocate." A beautiful badge of nickel plate, in the form of a Maltese cross, bearing the four mottoes, will be sent on receipt of fifteen cents. Pledge-cards at three cents each.

MARTHA VAN MARTER.

Miss Van Marter is the corresponding secretary of the first division of the Legion; her address is Orange, New Jersey.

In the summer of 1881 I met the first division of the Legion at its anniversary meeting. Then was established the system of circular correspondence — which has been kept up ever since. Any person or club who wishes to enter into this correspondence must send fifty cents subscription to the

WELCOME AND CORRESPONDENCE CLUB,
39 *Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.*

To such club or person will be sent the Monthly Circular, containing letters from the several organizations. From the Circular of the first year I copy here a few of these reports.

FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION.

THE work of our Flower Mission differs somewhat from that in larger cities; for we visit the invalids in their homes, more than in hospitals and other charitable institutions; and, not having so many, we can devote more time to each, and become better acquainted with them. The young ladies who do not dare to undertake work of greater responsibility succeed admirably in this charity;

and it has always seemed to me, that, however refreshing these visits are to the aged and sick, the visitors themselves derive the greater benefit from them in the lessons of patience and cheerfulness which are often so forcibly impressed upon them. Our Fruit and Flower Mission was started more than twelve years ago, in connection with our Union for Good Works, and is still going on quietly and successfully; and others have been formed since in different churches. The names of the persons we were to visit were given to us by the Relief Committee of the Union, whom we consulted when new ones were suggested, and to whom we gave a monthly report of our work. I think it is still carried on in the same way; but, as I was obliged to give up my part of the work some time ago, I am not quite sure. We had a committee of sixteen young ladies, eight of whom visited each week, two usually going together. One from each committee of eight was appointed to give to each the names of those she should visit, keep the accounts, and divide the small sum of money with which we bought fruit and delicacies when they were not contributed. Each one made about six visits, which was all we could do while the flowers were fresh in the hot weather; and each sent her report to our secretary, to be copied into the book to which we always referred before making our next visit. We became so interested in our patients that we could not give them up when the flower contributions ceased, and have always kept up our

visiting through the winter, taking fruit and little delicacies, but avoiding all almsgiving.

Many of us have formed life-long friendships, for which we shall always be grateful to the Flower Mission.

PIONEER LEGION WORK.

It affords me pleasure to become a correspondent of, and a subscriber to, your circulars on behalf of the Look-Up Legion of this place. We live in a lumbering district, and our advantages are few compared with our city sisters. Yet we enjoy other benefits which they cannot. We have a grand panorama of evergreen-clad mountains, valleys rapidly being reclaimed from their wild state, and the limpid streams reflecting the beauties from their crystal depths. Pure air and pure water render living a delight; and what more natural in such surroundings than that morality should gain many friends? The spirit of charity, which has never allowed a poor-tax to be levied in this township, finally took definite shape in the form of a band consisting of twenty young ladies, from fifteen to twenty-one years old, who, being rather prejudiced against the word Club, took the name and pledge of the "Look-Up Legion." Since the 1st of October last they have met once a week in the afternoon, and

sewed. They made a number of useful articles, such as aprons, children's dresses, bags for school-books, dressed dolls, &c. Then the week before Christmas they held a fair and festival, the net profits being $50. With this sum and other donations, they purchased a library of carefully selected books. The Look-Up Legion are members, and any one else can become a member by paying one dollar, and quarterly fees of twenty-five cents. Latterly the Legion has not been meeting, on account of its members being mostly in school, and their leisure time is limited. They secured the services of an eminent minister to lecture on London, which great city he had recently visited. Other lectures are in reserve; so that the little band is a leaven that will very soon, God prospering them, leaven the whole lump of surrounding society. They are ready for any good work that calls them, and will be glad to read of the doings of other organizations, which may help to decide their future course.

N. N.

A GIRLS' LEGION.—HOW ABOUT BOYS?

The club of which I am chief (if that be my position) calls itself the Lend-a-Hand Club. It numbers between forty and fifty members, all girls. Some boys wish to join, but I have not yet seen clearly the best way to receive them. I will ask the Correspondence Club what I shall do with the

boys, under the circumstances, after being freely told what the girls do. Our club meets at my house once in two weeks, Monday, at 4½ o'clock, P.M., so as not to interfere with school; and continues in session one hour, so as to get home before dark. We sew or work on anything we have to do the first half-hour of our session; and the other half we devote to literary exercises, such as reading and recitations and music. Short original essays are coaxed from the girls; and we have an exercise we call Oddities, which consists of something original and funny, arranged by a committee selected the week before, and kept a secret from the other members of the club till it is brought out at the meeting. Sometimes it takes the form of a tableau, sometimes a charade. Always it proves very interesting. As for useful work, the girls are of ages from ten to fifteen years, and know less about sewing than their grandmothers did at their age, no doubt; but they bring such eager, willing hearts to the task, they accomplish a good deal. In November we sent a large box of clothing, and articles suitable for Christmas presents, to a missionary in Utah.

The girls hold themselves in readiness to do any kindly deed they may be asked to do. Sometimes, when a beggar calls at my door, I send two or three of the girls to find out about the family. If they live in our town, and if they are found needy, we attend to their wants as far as possible.

We have been organized only a year, and had a long vacation of four months in the summer, and

are having another this winter, while the days are short, so that our work has been interrupted. We have bed-quilts and tidies and rugs commenced, which we hope to see finished. Dressing dolls for hospital children would be rather our delight, if we knew just the best way to dispose of them. Our city is rather too small for our benevolence. We have a constitution and by-laws, a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. We have a membership-fee of ten cents, payable yearly, and a contribution of a penny each at every meeting.

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